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[CONCERNING which Mrs. Clarissa Hardwick relates as follows, to certain youthful listeners, on the 4th of July, 1831]:

YOU 'VE all heard me talk often enough about my sister Nancy, and about Hardwick's Choice—the place where we two lived when we were little, with our Grandpapa Hardwick. 'T was a great estate of ten thousand acres or so, as good ground as any in all Maryland. And a fine old house it was, too, that we lived in, built after the old-fashioned plan in Grandpapa's father's time, out of bricks that came all the way across from England. We 'd all the space we wanted in our big hall, to play at graces, or go over one's dancing steps on a cold rainy day, with plenty of elbow-room for everybody, upstairs and down,—though, for that matter, 't was more than Nancy and I durst ever do, I promise you, to stick out our elbows when Mrs. Becky was round. Then, besides, for summer we had the finest spreading shade-trees and rose-hedges, and the pleasantest garden in all those parts,—or in the whole world, according to our notion! Everything, inside the house and out, was always well tended and in best order, for

Grandpapa Hardwick was mighty particular in that respect. All must be just so, to please him; and Mrs. Becky was ever on the lookout to keep things straight.

Nancy and I had lived there all our lives, being no more than babies—both of us—when our mother and father died. We 'd neither aunts nor uncles, nor first-cousins, for you see our father was Grandpapa Hardwick's only child (excepting Uncle Roger, who was drowned going across the ocean to school in France), and our mamma never had any brothers nor sisters either. So as to elders and betters, there was nobody belonging to us but Grandpapa and Mrs. Becky. She was some far kin to Grandpapa, though we never called her cousin,—just Mrs. Becky, as did 'most everybody else. Mrs. Becky Binns was her name, and she had been housekeeper at Hardwick's Choice ever since her husband died, long before our papa was married. A good soul and a very deserving woman, too, for all she was a trifle melancholic and given to the vapors sometimes; but then, as she often said, she 'd been through a deal of trouble in her young days, and there was no telling but what worse might happen yet before she died. However, she was very good to Nancy and me, and we set great store by her, in our turn. Besides the housekeeping she taught us our lessons,—reading, writing, and figures,—as far as her knowledge went; but Mrs. Becky did n't set up to be very book-learn't, and she used to call it a crying shame that Grandpapa would never have masters for us in French and music; but Grandpapa only said "Pooh, pooh!" that we would know what was needful for our sex, and more. He wanted no fine ladies about him, he said; and as for our tinkletinkling on the spinet from morning till night, 't would certainly give him St. Vitus's dance to

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hear it. He was very kind, for all that, and fond of us in his way, though we knew well enough he must be obeyed no less. When he said "Clarissa!" or "Ariana!" in his short, sharp tone, we were quick to mind our manners, I can tell you. Indeed, nobody could ever have guessed by listening that my christened name was Clarissa Harlowe, or Nancy's, Ariana, if Grandpapa had n't been vexed with us now and then. They always called me Cis, in those days, which did well enough for a little brown thing like me. As for "Nancy," there's nothing prettier than that, and nobody could ever think of my Nancy, I'm sure, by any long, dismal title. She was just as pretty as her every-day name, and quick-witted, with the winningest ways, such as always made her peace when she chose, after any prank of mischief. We were different as could be in looks, she and I—even her hair was as short and curly all over her head as mine was long and straight; and it shows how apt people are to be discontent with what nature gives 'em that Nancy used to be always combing and combing her hair out smooth, and I a-trying, contrariwise, to make mine curl.

All the time that Nancy and I were good big children the war with England—what you now call the Revolution—was going on; and as Grandpapa was very warm for American independence, as well as all our neighbors and friends on the same side, why we thought and heard enough of it at Hardwick's Choice. It seemed to me, when I was turned twelve years old, or thereabout, that there had been nothing but war, war, all my life long—and so it well-nigh was, to be sure. Almost the very first thing that I remember was poor Mrs. Becky bemoaning the want of her tea, and all the talk and hubbub of that matter. The patriotic folks, like Grandpapa Hardwick, would n't have tasted a drop for anything in this world; but as for Mrs. Becky, I reckon 't was as Grandpapa said in his sarcastical way. He said that he believed truly one-half the women on earth, gentle and simple, high and low, all the same, would sooner choose their teapot even with a tempest inside of it than the freest country sun ever shone on—with peace and plenty, to boot. He'd a mighty keen, sarcastical way with him, sometimes, had Grandpapa, and when he took on that tone, and tapped his silver snuff-box so sharp and quick with his forefinger, why then 't was never anything but "Ay, sir!" with Mrs. Becky, and her best curtsy besides; but she grumbled not a bit less behind his back. Many's the time I've heard her wish for one of those chests of good tea that the Boston people emptied into the water, and it did seem a sinful waste, maybe to more than one poor old

peaceable body, who loved their comforting strong dish now and again, a vast deal more than they hated King George. I was right sorry for Mrs. Becky, drinking her raspberry-leaf tea with a wry face—just for the name of tea, I do believe, and because she 'd have something hot enough to pour out in her saucer; but as for Nancy and me, we wanted nothing better than good cow's-milk, and Grandpapa drank the same with a sharp dash of brandy, 'most always, to keep the coldness of it from hurting his stomach.

So after that, it was the Boston port-bill foremost on the tapis (as French folks say) and then the battle of Lexington; after which it seemed that amongst Grandpapa and his friends nothing was talked of but fighting, and raising troops, and arming men—with such warlike consultations, day in and out. Everybody knew, from Bunker Hill on, that war was fairly begun; and so it continued, till presently, when I was quite a sizable little girl and old enough to remember plain, came the Declaration of Independence at Philadelphia.

Grandpapa Hardwick was in the best of humors, I promise you, when he heard that great news, and would have us all, big and little, drink success to the new government and confusion to its enemies, in his best Tokay wine. And so we did; only Mrs. Becky, for all she could not refuse the toast, was very low-spirited and shook her head dismally, saying she hoped Grandpapa's cousin, Mr. Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, and the other gentlemen with him in this business might come off better than the rebels in Virginia a hundred years ago, who were all hanged up in chains for pretty much the same thing—as she 'd many a time heard her grandfather tell of seeing with his own eyes when he was a little lad. To that Grandpapa said that a hundred years made a vast deal of difference in what might be dared,—ay! and done, too; and when Mrs. Becky, sighing in a doleful way, said 't was a sad risk—besides being beyond Scripture, no less—to turn against the king, why then Grandpapa cried out loud till it made everybody fairly jump, "The King! Zounds, madame! what king? and by what right and title? The true king was chased out of Scotland with a price on his head, this thirty years ago. I'll be hanged if I know what's become of him!" says Grandpapa, "and if I owe any faith to a set of interloping Dutchmen, I'm a Dutchman myself!"

Then, as for Mrs. Becky, she just said, "Ay, sir," with never another word. I was too little to know the meaning of it all, that time, but I found out after a while when I learnt to read all about Prince Charlie and the battle of Culloden, and understood how 't was that Grandpapa Hardwick naturally turned from a Jacobite into a fiery, hot

republican. Folks say that extremes meet, and I reckon that was the way of it, pretty much, with him, as well as with many more old cavalier settlers in Maryland and Virginia. So after that the war went on, with a mighty talk, and telling of this battle or that, and of General George Washington, and the fine, gallant Marquis Lafayette, with those other Frenchmen that came under him to help the good cause of freedom. True, we saw no more of 'em at Hardwick's Choice than we did of the red-coats on t' other side—nor anything of sure-enough war; for 't was an out-o'-way part of the country from any fighting. I've set more store by the blessing of that since being an old woman than Nancy and I did then. We used to grieve mightily about it, after we got old enough to take an interest; but if we did n't see much of the great goings-on we heard a plenty. There were several neighbor old gentlemen who, like Grandpapa, were past their fighting strength, so stayed at home and sent money instead; and never a day passed that one or another did n't fetch something to talk about with Grandpapa over his wine in the big dining-room. 'T was Squire Parley, or Captain Puffanblow, or old Colonel MacGrumble—or maybe all three at once; never thinking of Nancy and me there on our crickets with our samplers before us, taking in every word.

Grandpapa gave the most of any, I do believe; and that, not only in money to the last penny he could spare, but of everything else besides; and a busy time that was for everybody on Hardwick Plantation. There was but little sale for the tobacco then; 't was 'most all stored up in the hogsheds, year after year, till the war was over, when a fine price it sold for, to be sure; but there were many things besides tobacco that we made at Hardwick. It was a great big estate, kept orderly running (as was the common custom of those times) not from without, but inside, in a snug and sheltered fashion that folks have half forgot the way of now-a-days. We'd the best blacksmith, the best carpenter, the best tanner, at Hardwick's Choice of all the country-side, as was commonly said by everybody, with weavers and shoemakers good as the best. You see, 't was nothing uncommon before the war for the poorer sort of comers-over to this country to be sold from the English ships at the price of their passage-money, for a certain space of time. It seems a cruel custom to look back upon, but we never thought so then. They were called "redemptioners," because they redeemed their freedom by their labor and good conduct,—not like the poor blacks, in slavery forever; and some of the very best working tenants and handicraftsmen on his land had Grandpapa Hardwick bought in this way from the ships, one

time or another. That showed he was not the hard master that some people would have made him out, for all a bit sharp-spoken and set in his ways, else they 'd not have stayed so contentedly when the service term was done. There they were when the war came; and very good English workers the most of 'em turned out to be, and pretty busy Grandpapa kept them, with everybody else, black and white, in those days. Every now and then 't would be a cart-load of home-made blankets, and shoes, and rolls of cloth, and warm thick stockings started off to Annapolis, to be sent from there to the soldiers fighting 'way off yonder somewhere, under General Washington or somebody. Spinning the wool was the women's business, and a vast deal of it to be done. Nancy and I learnt to spin on the big wheel, and very fine sport we thought it at first, though after a while, when it came to a task of so many cuts a day, why, then maybe we found it no such merry matter. We 'd our share of the knitting, too, and Grandpapa was mightily pleased to see us at it. He used to pat us on our heads and say, "That 's right, that 's right, my lassies! Knit away! We 'll knit up this business yet; ay! that will we! let the Britishers try hard as they please to ravel out our threads!"

So then we clicked away, with needles fairly flying, feeling mighty proud, though a man's long stocking to garter above the knee was no little bit of work, I can tell you.

Well, the days, weeks, and months passed along till Nancy was near sixteen and I turned fourteen years old, both of us grown big girls and up to all kinds of fun and mischief; but still the war was n't ended. As I tell you, we 'd heard and talked a vast deal more of it than we 'd ever seen. The horror and misery of fighting and wounds and death had all passed us by afar, off yonder. Hardwick's Choice was a home worth having, for all Mrs. Becky's vapors and the master's sharp tongue now and again. In spite of these, and the spinning and the knitting, I do think we 'd have lived happy as the day was long if it had n't been for Grandpapa's coat. 'T was a brand-new coat,—and put on for the very first time just that day we heard of the battle of Lexington,—made out of the best blue English cloth, with fine gilt buttons. Such cloth was both scarce and high, later on; but I don't think that was Grandpapa's main reason for wearing the same coat so long as he did, for, you see, he might easily have had a whole new suit of homespun, such as many gentfolks wore in those hard times,—even the grand army-officers themselves,—if he had chosen. But he made a vow that very first day, like the old-time folks we read about, with a great pinch of snuff upon it,

too, that he'd wear that same coat, as long as 't would hold together on his back, till the war was ended, one way or the other. Maybe it was for setting the example that he first took up such a notion; for everybody knew how much he gave to the good cause, and that his going so, year after year, was but willing self-denial and nothing else. If all other rich people had done the like,—wearing the old clothes and giving the new ones to our brave soldiers,—maybe the war would n't have lasted as long as it did, nor Grandpapa's blue coat either. However, there were precious few so much in earnest as he; so the years went by, and the



THE OLD COAT.

coat got worse and worse,—faded and patched and mean-looking,—whilst all the time Nancy and I were getting older and more high-notioned, till we hated the sight of it more every day.

Perhaps we needed a take-down to our pride, for we were mightily set up (as was more common

with gentlefolks of those days than now) about being Hardwicks of Hardwick's Choice, as Mrs. Becky and all the house-people, white and black, used to remind us, with a grand air twenty times a day ever since we could take it in. Then, after all, 't is only nature the world over, for lassies at fourteen and sixteen to set store by fine clothes and the brave looks of things. They've just got their eyes open, so to speak, to the outside of this life, and won't have learnt yet a while to tell the inside worth, hid maybe often enough under a patched old coat or frock. So in the matter of Grandpapa's coat we said to each other that patriotism and self-denying, and a good example to one's neighbors, were all very fine things; but we wished all the same he'd get a new coat, if only to wear on Sundays. True, we ourselves were very content with homespun linsey for every-day, but Mrs. Becky made out wonderfully for our best frocks from the great chests of clothes stored away upstairs by dear knows how many Hardwick ladies dead and gone before our time. There were brocade silks and sarcenets, and fine paduasoy petticoats, and quilted sacks, and all the best stuffs you might want, to be turned and made over, à la mode, for twenty years to come; and very grand we felt a-rustling in them, like any peacocks, to be sure,—never knowing till long afterward how unsuited such were to the likes of our age. But, dear me! dear me! what was the use of silks and satins and shining gold lace (as we used to say in private to each other) with Grandpapa right beside us, on Sundays at church, and on Christmas Day and Easter, and at the dancing-school,—always dressed in just the same outlandish fashion, year in and out? He was a very elegant, high-quality looking old gentleman, was Grandpapa, and no mistaking that: straight as a dart and with a mighty dignified way about him, though not above a middle height, and very spare in body. I remember now how taken aback I was to find out by chance one day, when I was none so little, either, that he was not the tallest and biggest man in the world, as I'd all along believed. His hair was white and thick all over his head; his mouth was tight-shutting and firm, as if made to tell people what they must do, or must n't; his eyes were mighty sharp and keen, with a vast many little wrinkles all round them, specially when he looked hard at you, and that was right often. But still there was some times a funny, laughing spark, 'way down deep inside, and then we knew that we'd nothing to be afraid of. Nancy and I were proud enough of him, and fond, too, in such a proper and respectful way as was then thought seemly in young folks toward their elders and betters; but we could n't be proud of the old ragged coat.

When it first began to break and give 'way at the elbows, and Grandpapa called on us to mend it, we were at great pains to match the color of the cloth and the thread, as well as to hide the stitches and make all smooth, best fashion. Nancy was "knowledgeable" and quick at her needle, as she was with everything else, and I must needs always have my share at helping. So, betwixt us, we put on, that time, two as pretty patches as you 'd wish to see, so that even Grandpapa praised them a heap. But after a while, when the cloth wore away into new holes all round those very patches, and down the front and on the shoulders besides,—why, then we were not so careful with our mending, because (as Nancy said) the better the coat was made to look the longer Grandpapa would wear it. Moreover, said she, there was the old saying that everybody knew, "Patch by patch is very good housewifery; but patch upon patch is downright beggarly"; and for all we must do what Grandpapa told us, she, for her part, was not a-going to waste any more "stitchery" than she could help, upon it.

Dear me! I'm afraid we were two very naughty girls, as well as uppish and full of false pride—for the crooked patches, and the puckerings, and the great long stitches we put on that coat, have made me blush to think of, a many a time since. However, Grandpapa Hardwick never noticed, at all, nor took any of those hints. He was n't going to put his coat in the rag-bag yet a while to please two fine misses, nor anybody else—not he, I promise you; so we 'd only the vexation of seeing it look worse than need have been, after all, besides being scolded by Mrs. Becky for our carelessness.

Now, it was in the fall of the year 1781, soon after Nancy's sixteenth birthday, when the dan-

cing-school ball came off at Folkstown, three miles from Hardwick's Choice. We 'd been going to the dancing-school a whole year, Nancy and I, along with the other girls of that neighborhood and the boys that were too young for soldiering. A merry



THE TWO SISTERS.

time we had of it, too,—war or no war,—and our master was as elegant a French gentleman as ever stepped a minuet. His name was Monsieur Tissot, and he had come to this country with General Lafayette in the year 1777, to help fight the British. However, at the battle of Monmouth he was shot and crippled in his right shoulder; so then, as he said, right wittily we all thought, he laid down his arms and took to his legs—though not to run away on 'em, either. He was well enough pleased with America to stay on a while longer.

There he came to Folkstown and set up dancing-school—and a more genteel, courtly-mannered gentleman never was seen, even at Paris, as Grandpapa himself said, who had been there and knew.

We met once a fortnight for our lesson in the big assembly room at the Folkstown Inn, or Ordinary, as we used to call it; with all the townspeople looking on, and country folks besides, as many as chose to come and see their youngsters learn the steps—so that, for numbers, 't was 'most like a public ball every time. No end of fine, fashionable figures Monsieur taught us, besides the minuet, with elegant deportment in general, after the latest court mode. 'T was heads up and shoulders down, to be sure, and elbows out of other people's way; and as for the curtsy—well, if you want to see it, young ladies—there now! If I *am* an old woman past sixty, let any of you show me the like of that. Well, well! it's over and done now; but we'd fine times whilst it lasted. Nancy and I went always in the coach, with Mrs. Becky to see after our pretty behaving, and 'most every time Grandpapa would come, too, on horseback, to look on and talk over war news with the elders, and see us safe home again by eight o'clock.

At last, Monsieur Tissot said he had taught us all he could. He was going to Annapolis to open a grand school for the fine city folks; and so we'd invitations out for a sure-enough ball—a grand parting ball, with half the country, old and young, bid to it, and a supper, and the best music in all those parts. Such a talk and a getting ready as there was! But you can figure it to yourselves pretty well, I reckon, for fifty years or so makes no great odds that I can see in the nature of youngsters. 'T is pretty much the same in every time and country; but you've no such contriving and smartening up of old clothes to keep you busy in these days, for a seven years' war makes a heap of difference in the matter of new ribbons and such settings off, I can tell you. However, maybe we enjoyed it none the less for that reason. I know that Nancy and I had lively enough frolicking over our finery and preparations; and Mrs. Becky, too, for all she often said that such doings were downright sinful waste of time, and balls the old Satan's main opportunities—why, even Mrs. Becky would have us looking our best, and herself no less, to boot. However, we were no little set-back whenever we thought of Grandpapa wearing the old coat, as we knew he was going to do. He'd more than one coat laid by in his great cedar chest-of-drawers vastly better, though older, than that; but, you see, there was his vow and the war not over yet; and as for his wearing any other one now, to please our notions, we knew 't was no use a-looking for any such thing. And then, to make bad worse, what should

happen on the very morning before the ball, but Grandpapa must come in from his ride round the plantation with a great big new rent just burst out in the back behind, from the collar down to the waist.

"Well, lassies," cries he, loud and lively, like as if 't was n't anything dreadful at all, "there's a bit of work for you, that old Dolly-mare made, cutting up her shines, out yonder just now. Lay by your bibs and tuckers and make me tight and whole for your fine ball this evening."

So he offs with it in a hurry, and there we were.

Well, we knew it was no good to say anything, but we did a deal of thinking. We took it away to our own room and spread it on the window-seat and looked at it. There was hardly a piece of it—body, sleeves, or tails—that was n't darned and patched. We had n't been over-particular of late about matching the colors, so some of the patches were lighter blue, and some black, and some brown, sewed with any sort of thread that came first—a sight to see, and no credit to our mending, to be sure. Then 't was shrunk and fady. My dears! such a downright disgraceful old coat, and another great patch to be set on it for Grandpapa to wear to the ball! We looked at it and we looked hard at one another; then says Nancy to me, a-stamping her foot, "Cis, if Grandpapa wears this coat to the ball I'll stay at home, I vow." Then I just gave one gasp and said, "Oh, Nancy!" for the notion of my going without her, clean took my breath away, and I'd no mind to stay at home, in spite of the coat. "Yes," says she, "that I will,—if I never go to another ball so long as I live."

Then I said, "Oh, Nancy!" again, like the little ninny that I was; and there she stood, looking at the coat, thinking, with her curly head first on one side, then on t' other, and her forehead all a-pucker and her rosy, saucy mouth screwed up like a button-hole. After a while she began to whistle, and though I knew 't was n't ladylike or pretty-behaved, I always made sure, when Nancy did that, of something worth while a-coming next.

Then all of a sudden she clapt her hands together, and says she, "I know what I'll do."

"What?" said I, but she just ran out of the room without saying a word, and in two minutes came flying back again with a long strip of yellow cloth in her hand. 'T was a piece left from Mrs. Becky's cutting out, one day, and a kind of homespun cloth called buckram, dyed bright yellow with saffron, and walnut leaves. I could n't think at first what Nancy would be at, when she came waving it for all the world like a flag before her; but I soon found out.

"Now, Cis," says she, a-laughing, but she

meant it, all the same, "I'm going to put such a patch on this coat that Grandpapa *can't wear* it to the ball."

I thought it a vastly ingenious notion, and one that just nobody in all this world but Nancy would have been keen enough to think about. However, being always a sad coward, I was afraid that Grandpapa would be mad. Besides, there seemed something very bad in it, anyhow; and so I told her; but Nancy only set her lips in another button-

Grandpapa Hardwick; but as for Nancy, she held her head up as brave as you please and marched along in front like any lion. "Here 's the coat, Grandpapa," says she, and gave it into his hand. I felt like running away then, only I wanted to hear what they said betwixt 'em. I did jump back, just ever so little, but after all I need not have been scared, for Grandpapa certainly did n't do or say what I 'd expected.

A box on the ear was nothing so uncommon in



THE BALL.

hole and untied her housewife, with a jerk. Then she threaded her needle and went to stitch-stitching away; and she sewed that yellow cloth on tight and fast, for a patch, all down the back of the coat.

I promise you my heart went pitty-pat when 't was done, and we fetched it downstairs to

those days, even if one had turned sixteen, when young folks misbehaved to their elders. I'm sure I 'd looked for nothing less that time; but Grandpapa did no such a thing. He did n't say a word at first; he only held the coat up and looked at it in a right-surprised way, and then a curious look came into his eyes, with that funny twinkle 'way deep

down. "Humph!" says he to himself, a-glancing sharply first at Nancy, then at me. "Very well, very well, and thank you, young ladies," says he; and with that he takes the coat and claps it right on his back. I had never thought before that Nancy could look so silly as she did then; and such a scolding as Mrs. Becky gave us, when she found out, we never had before nor after. There was the coat worse than need be, a sight to behold. Grandpapa was surer than ever to wear it to the ball, and nobody durst say a word against it. Howsoever, when the time came to dress and make ready, 't was more than Nancy could do to stay at home as she 'd said she would. She stuck to it a little while, but when she saw our frocks a-waiting to put on, and even Mrs. Becky so fine and gay in her very best silk gown that had never been abroad before for anything less than a wedding,—and the coach at the door,—why, then says she to me, "Cis, I 'll have to go. I know I 'll die when I see Grandpapa walking about with that patch on his back," says she, "but I 'll go all the same and make the best of it." Whereupon I said I made sure I would die myself at that, but we 'd see all the people first; so the long and short of it was that we dressed ourselves in all our fine rigging and started.

I 'm sure our dresses could n't have been prettier if they 'd been brand-new, whilst for the richness of the stuffs we could n't have touched it in those war-times for any money, I reckon. Our petticoats were of the best diamond-quilted Marseilles satin, Nancy's the beautifullest pea-green, and mine a crimson-red. Nancy's looped skirt was gros-de-Naples silk, of a pinkish color that Mrs. Becky said used to be called "great reputation," when 't was all the fashion in her and my mamma's young days, edged round with silver lace looking as good as new by candlelight, for all a bit tarnished in daytime. Then her bodice was of green satin to match the petticoat, laced up a-front with silver cord, and her neckerchief and ruffles of lace that had been Grandmamma Hardwick's own when she was a girl. Mrs. Becky was for having her hair dressed fine and powdered, but Nancy just shook her curly head and laughed at that notion; and sure enough the powder would have seemed as much a pity as snow on blooming buttercups, for every little ring was like shiny gold itself. For my part, I was willing enough for the powder on mine. But Mrs. Becky said I was clean beyond my age a'ready and should n't be any more stuck-up. However, I had my curls, too, as fine and glossy as the curlingtons could make 'em, and tied with a cherry-colored ribbon to set off my brownness. My skirt was brocade, all flowered with red roses, and my shoes the best red French kid. So there was I, a

red bird from top to toe; and both of us with our handsome paste shoe-buckles on, that Mrs. Becky had never let us wear before in all our lives.

We left Grandpapa Hardwick behind when we set out. He told us to go along in the coach and he would come presently on horseback, which was always the way he liked best to travel. Mrs. Becky whispered us how maybe he was waiting for black Sam, his own man, that had been sent to Annapolis that morning early, to fetch the latest war news. 'T was good forty miles there and back, so that one might hardly in reason look for him before sundown at soonest, but there was Grandpapa at four o'clock a-walking the hall floor and glancing out every minute, already. He 'd been mighty anxious and impatient of late days, ever since hearing that General Washington and Lord Cornwallis were marching their armies so close on each other in Virginia; and all the other elder gentlemen, too, shook their heads when they talked it over, and said there must be heavy fighting before long. According to the last report, they had begun it even then at Yorktown. Maybe some folks would say 't was no time to be having balls, but the war was like an old tale then, that might go on forever, and young human nature will have its way, somehow, trouble or no trouble, war or peace. Off we set in the great coach, Mrs. Becky almost as much a-flutter as Nancy or me, with four horses to draw us and two outriders behind. Quality traveled in quality fashion, those times. Very grand we felt, I can tell you, and very grand we found everything when we got to the ball.

It seems to me that I never see any candles now, shining as bright as those did that time, in every nook and corner; nor any floor polished to such a looking-glass; nor hear any music as sweet-sounding as those fiddlers, a-playing away, "Charlie o'er the Water," or "Devil 'mong the Tailors," or some such good old tune. Maybe it 's only the natural difference betwixt old eyes and ears, and young; but there is one thing for certain you never see now-a-days, my dears, and that 's any such elegant-looking gentleman so elegantly dressed as Monsieur Tissot, with his beautiful powdered hair, white as a snow-drift, and his sky-blue velvet coat and vest, and his ruffles fine as any lady's. No, no! you never see such as that in these days, with the men all choked up in black stocks to their ears and buttoned tight in their ugly straight coats, for all the world like field-m Marshals in a nor'west wind, and never a bit of powder on their greasy, plastered-looking heads. As for the ladies, I never saw a flower-bed yet that could compare with the brightness of their dressing. Half the country was there,—that is, everybody that was anybody, as the old saying goes,—and all in their finest humor

as well as finest clothes, old and young. 'T was late in October month, when red and yellow leaves are turned to their prettiest prime, and the dancing-hall had been decked by the townspeople with wreaths of 'em all over the fireplaces, and the music gallery, and round the sconces, as fancifully as you please. I thought 't was like fairy-land, at the first look inside; and surely there never was any prettier, livelier sight in this world.

We began with the minuet, of course, mighty graceful and stately, and Monsieur opened the ball with Nancy, who was always his favorite scholar, as everybody said. Then 't was contradance and quadrille, turn and turn about. We 'd a plenty of partners, Nancy and I, and footed it merrily with the best. Her cheeks were like roses and her eyes a-shining, but I saw her every now and then looking round toward the door as I did myself,—both of us none too easy in our minds and expecting any minute to see Grandpapa walk right in, with the great yellow patch on his back!

However, we looked and looked again, and still he did n't come. He 'd never been so late before at any of the common meetings, and presently, after the clock struck eight, I fell to wondering so, about the reason why, that I could n't half remember my steps.

'T was 'most nine o'clock and I was standing with Tony Puffanblow, my partner, waiting our turn at hands across and down the middle, when I heard Grandpapa's voice outside the door. I saw Nancy, over on t' other side the room, give a great start, as if she 'd heard it too,—and then I saw the people in the doorway making room for him to pass. There was nobody in the county treated with more respect than Squire Hardwick, of Hardwick's Choice. They all stepped aside with their best bows as he walked betwixt 'em right into a clear space in the middle of the room,—and soon as I set eyes on him, then, why,—I was like to drop!

He was n't dressed in the old coat at all, but in one that I never even saw before,—a beautiful black velvet coat, of a right queer old-fashioned cut, but glossy black and rich as new, with a gold-laced satin waistcoat and the beautifullest yellow lace ruffles at his neck and wrists. Then his breeches were velvet to match the coat, and he 'd diamond shoe-buckles and silk stockings; whilst as for the look on his face—well, I 'd never seen that before, neither, any more than the dress. His eyes they fairly sparkled like fire, with a queer, eager look in 'em that was almost fierce, and there were two red spots on his cheeks. In one hand he carried his three-cornered hat; in the other a folded paper. Everybody seemed to know somehow, all at once, that something uncommon was

happening. The music stopped right short and the people on the floor stopped dancing, in the midst of a figure, and turned round to look. Everybody in the room just gazed and listened to see what was coming next.

Then Grandpapa Hardwick stood up mighty straight, with his head high. "Ladies and gentlemen," says he, out loud and clear, only his voice it shook ever so little,—“Ladies and gentlemen, God save our country and the brave men, dead and living, who have helped to make her free! I bring you good news, neighbors. The war is over and done. Lord Cornwallis surrendered to George Washington two days ago, at Yorktown in Virginia!”

So that was the news that black Sam had fetched in writing from Annapolis, and that was the reason why Grandpapa had stayed behind us so long to take off the old ragged coat and rig himself in the very best that he could find in his great chest-of-drawers,—clothes that he had n't once put on since he was a young man visiting our grand kin-people in England. What a time there was, to be sure, when he had said his say. The gentlemen cheered over and over again, till it was a wonder they did n't take the roof off atop of us, and bid fair to shake Grandpapa's hand clean away. As for the ladies, there was a great clapping and waving of handkerchiefs; some kissed each other, some of 'em laughed, and some cried, which last seemed to me very queer on hearing such joyful news, but Nancy vowed afterward that the tears were running down my cheeks, like the others, for all I did n't know it, and I saw 'em on hers, too. We both ran up to Grandpapa as soon as we might for the men crowding him, and he patted us on the head very kindly, never saying one word about the changed coat. I know he 'd have worn the old one, yellow patches and all, if it had n't been for the turn of things. Maybe we deserved to be taken down a peg. However, be that as it may, we were none the less joyed at the surprise and the happy outcome, and, I do believe, felt as glad about the coat as about the country!

Then, what a dance there was next, when the ball went on again. The fiddlers were well “heartened up,” as they called it, with a rousing toast to General Washington, and they fingered like folk possessed with a witchery. The violins seemed to speak, “Hold out your petticoats and dance like a lady,” like live things saying the words with that tune, for Grandpapa would have a reel, which he said was the only thing worth dancing when one was in spirits; and there he led out in it himself, with Mrs. Becky to his partner; whilst even Squire Parley and Captain Puffanblow and Colonel Mac-Grumble were stepping it, too, as lively as any

youngsters on the floor. I promise you we had a fine appetite, one and all, for the good things when supper was ready that night.

Heigho! a fine, pleasant time it was whilst it

ask Grandpapa in her prettiest way if she might have the old coat!

"Humph!" says he, looking at her with that twinkle in his eyes. "Humph! Do you want to



"I BRING YOU GOOD NEWS, NEIGHBORS. THE WAR IS OVER AND DONE!"

lasted; but 't was over soon, though not quite by twelve o'clock, as was first planned for the breaking up. We were sleepy-headed and tired enough in the legs next day, but nobody quarreled about that, for though the ball was over the good news lasted on, and would last forever. The war was over and done, sure enough, and good times a-coming (as everybody said), with peace and plenty and prosperity all over our free republic land. Mrs. Becky was for tearing up the old coat that very day, for fear Grandpapa Hardwick might take a sudden notion to put it on again. I thought this was a very safe thing, but when we went to do it, who should say "No!" but Miss Nancy herself! and then, what does she do next but go and

preserve it as a sample of your fine needlework, young lady?" And at that Nancy blushed up red as a rose. Then he teased her a bit, saying 't would do very well yet for him to wear on a rainy day; but, however, at last he said, "Take it—and go!"

Goodness knows what had changed her mind on a sudden to set such store by the old worn-out thing! 'T was only fit for the rag-bag, but she kept it always a-hanging in her own closet as carefully as if it had been cloth of gold, till she was married and went away from Hardwick's Choice. Then she took it away with her, and her daughter—your Cousin Ariana—has got what's left of it to this very day.

Alice Maude Ewell.

LOUIS THE RESOLUTE.

BY HARRIET TAYLOR UPTON.

IT was spring-time in the city of Chelsea, Massachusetts.

Many boys and girls were in the streets on their way to enjoy an outdoor holiday.

Louis W. F. . . ., as he sat on his aunt's great front porch, contrasted strangely with things about him. He was deeply occupied with his own thoughts. He took a map from his coat-pocket and began a careful study of it. This he continued till he was startled by the rattle of a window-blind back of him; instantly he crumpled the paper tightly in his hand and slipped it again into its hiding-place.

In his mind he counted over his money, and found the sum to be only a very small one.

"I do wish that he would go and play ball as he usually does on Saturdays," muttered Mrs. Beman, as she peered at him through the window; "but he won't; he has reached the crisis. I had hoped he would be like his mother,—contented,—but he is like his father," and she quietly fastened the blinds. She had made no difference between her own sons and her brother's youngest boy, who had been left to her care when a mere baby. And in her mind she had mapped out his whole future. He was to be a lawyer; to practice in Chelsea; to live and die in the old homestead, as his father and father's father had done before him. But now she was beginning to fear her plans would not be carried out; and she was not surprised when, later in the day, Louis said, "Aunt Hetty, let's go into the library, I want to have a talk with you."

So she accompanied him to the library, and they sat down opposite one another, with due solemnity.

"I have been thinking," began Louis, "that I should like to go to the war."

Mrs. Beman smiled. The idea seemed so ridiculous to her that she did not answer.

"I don't mean right now, because I am too young; but I should like to enter the United States service," Louis went on. "I have concluded I should prefer the navy. Every citizen of the republic, you know, should give his life for his country, if need be."

This was a set speech, and the speaker had rehearsed it several times in his own room.

Mrs. Beman remained silent. She knew just how that year, 1862, had stirred the hearts of all the people, and she considered this idea of her nephew's an outcome of the popular excitement. She knew that she had no political friends whose assistance she could ask, and she would make no effort to obtain an appointment for Louis. She disliked soldiers in peace, and did not wish to have her loved ones exposed to the perils of war.

"I'd like to go to Washington and apply for an appointment," persisted Louis. "Don't scowl, Aunt Hetty; and please don't say no till you have thought about it."

Before she could answer, he jumped through the low window, ran along the porch, and up the street, intending to leave her plenty of time for reflection.

The next morning at breakfast he seemed somewhat anxious as he awaited her decision.

"I suppose the sooner you know, the better, Louis," his aunt said, as she passed him a cup of coffee.

He nodded assent.

"Well, I consider the scheme a hopeless one, and it is not what I had expected you would do; but as soon as you can earn the sum needful for your expenses you can go and make a trial."

The boy's face brightened, and he attacked the brown bread and baked beans with unusual vigor. He went with his aunt to church, for he went with her every Sunday, but he heard little of service or sermon. He arose and sat down at the proper places, but his thoughts were far away.

The next morning, at school-time, he came downstairs with a bundle in one hand and a small pasteboard box under his arm.

"Good-bye, Aunt Hetty," he said, as he stopped to kiss her.

"Where are you going, child?" she asked, in wonder.

"To Washington. Did n't you say I might go when I had money enough? I am going to walk—that does n't take money. Besides, I have a little money of my own to pay other expenses. So good-bye; I'll write to you."

Seeing that he was resolved to go, his aunt would not interfere. But she advised him to secure the aid and influence of some prominent

man. Louis thought this an excellent suggestion, and thanked her for it. Again bidding her farewell, he passed out of the gate and hurried along the street.

Mrs. Beman watched him until he turned the corner. Then, as she went in, great tears trickled down her cheeks. She brightened up, however, as she said to herself, "He may be back all the sooner for having started on foot."

Meantime Louis was trudging on his way. That afternoon he entered the city of Boston, tired but little by his walk.

Like all Massachusetts boys he knew of the great orator, Edward Everett, and he had even heard him speak. Remembering his aunt's advice, he determined that he could not do better than to call on Mr. Everett and see whether he could secure the influence of so prominent a man. He found the address in a directory and called at Mr. Everett's residence. Having said that he wished to see Mr. Everett on a matter of business, he was invited into the library.

Mr. Everett was a man of dignified bearing and great reserve of manner. Rising, the old gentleman said, in a cold but courteous tone, "What can I do for you?"

"Please give me a letter," said Louis, entirely unabashed, "to some of the officials in Washington. I am going to get an appointment as midshipman."

Mr. Everett was surprised and not entirely pleased with the boy's blunt reply. He said coldly:

"But I don't know you, my boy, and I am not in the habit of giving letters to strangers."

Louis looked up with a smile and said stoutly, "But you will give *me* one!"

Mr. Everett, like most men in public life, was an excellent judge of character. He looked sharply into the boy's face for a moment and decided that the young fellow had not intended to be impudent or presuming, but had stated his wishes with native simplicity and directness. Smiling a little, in spite of his efforts to maintain a dignified expression, he said:

"Yes, I will. I believe you to be an honorable young man, and a brave one as well. I think I can trust you with my name, and I will do all that I can to assist you. You are a bright little fellow and should make your mark in the world."

Asking Louis to be seated, he wrote a letter of introduction to his son-in-law, Commander Wise, who was then stationed in Washington.

After a few moments' conversation, during which Louis heard not a few words of kindly advice and suggestion, Louis bowed and took his leave, much pleased by this first success.

He spent the night at the house of a school-

mate, where he had been welcomed on previous visits to town, and early the next morning he plodded manfully on until he had left the city limits. He had his path laid out carefully before him. He knew just when to take the railroad track and when to keep to the highway.

At noon-time he stretched out under a tree and opened his lunch-box. His long walk had made him so hungry that he nearly emptied it, though he had meant to make it last for a long time. After a drink from a brook near by, he started out refreshed. As the afternoon wore away, his feet began to sting and smart, but he still walked bravely on until, just as the sun was going down, he turned into a farm-yard, intending to secure lodgings and a supper.

A fierce dog successfully disputed his right to enter, and he walked on nearly a mile before he reached a dwelling. Here he found a kind old man and wife, who, after asking numerous questions, gave the lad a supper and lodging. And, as the old gentleman was going to town on the following morning, he took the young traveler several miles on his way.

For dinner Louis bought some bread and milk, and late in the afternoon he had an hour's ride with a tin-peddler. To be sure, he could have made greater progress had he walked, but his legs were stiff and sore, and he was glad even to jog slowly along behind the old gray horse, with the aged and talkative driver for a companion.

That night, however, he could find no one who was willing to give him a lodging. He bought his supper at a farm-house, and was permitted to sleep in the barn. His bed of hay was rough, and the air in the loft stifling. A storm came up, and the roof leaked in many places, so that he had to change to another spot to avoid the dampness. At daybreak he renewed his march. The roads were muddy, the streams swollen, and he began to show the effects of his travel; he looked dusty and tired. A man ordered him out of a yard he had entered. He did not come to a place where he could breakfast till nearly noon, and several times debated whether he should turn back or not. But he kept on.

About four o'clock in the afternoon he came upon a company of school-children, and for a little while trudged along with them. For a few pennies he bought a portion of their luncheons, and made his supper of boiled eggs and apple-pie.

He spent the night with a friendly farmer, whom he met on the road; and although he did not exactly relish his breakfast, he congratulated himself because he had paid very little for it. He seemed to be meeting with unlooked-for discouragements; but his feet and legs, which at

first had pained him, ceased to ache, and he comforted himself with the idea that he was becoming a pedestrian.

One day he happened to be at a small station just as a freight train was taking on fuel and water. A brakeman, with whom he fell into conversation, and to whom he told something of his plans, invited him to climb into a freight car, and he thus secured a ride to Philadelphia, and thereby gained fifty miles. After leaving Philadelphia he kept to the railway, and, being well hardened, made excellent progress, securing such fare and lodging as he could. He met with no peculiar adventures, however, until he was on the outskirts of Annapolis. He was walking sturdily along, looking toward a camp not far from the road, when he was challenged by a sentry:

"Who goes there?"

Louis halted, and, not knowing what to say, said nothing.

"Where 's your permit?" said the sentry.

"I have n't any permit,—what for?" asked Louis.

"You must have a permit before you can go on to Washington. I shall have to keep you under arrest until I am relieved," said the sentry, not unkindly.

Louis had been walking since early morning and had no objection to resting a while. At first he had been somewhat startled at the words "under arrest," but he soon reassured himself by reflecting that it surely could not be either a civil or a military offense to offer one's services to the country.

He talked with the sentry until the patrol came from headquarters, and then went with them as a prisoner. The Colonel was inclined to question Louis sharply at first, but when the boy had frankly explained that he was going to be appointed midshipman entirely on his own responsibility, the Colonel laughed heartily and they were soon on excellent terms. Louis stayed at headquarters for several hours, and then the Colonel said:

"Well, my boy, as the country needs you, we must not keep you here. Allow me to offer this as an apology for having detained you so long," and he thrust five dollars into Louis's hand. He pressed Louis to stay with them, but the boy was eager to go on. The Colonel made Louis promise to send him word as to the result of the journey. He insisted that Louis should take the money, and even secured him a place on a train which stopped only a short distance from Washington itself. After Louis left the train, it was not many minutes before the dome of the Capitol appeared against the sky.

The blood leaped in his veins for joy, and he quickened his pace. He walked on and on, still

keeping his eyes on the dome, apparently without coming any nearer it. He concluded, therefore, that the track curved away from the Capitol, and at Benning Station he turned into the highway and sat down to rest.

Presently a little girl came wandering down a path which led to a house high on an adjoining hill. She carried a small basket, and looked eagerly up and down the road. Louis spoke to her, and she told him she was waiting for "Pompey," who was coming to take her across the river on his way to the city.

"Thar 's a heap o' Yankees 'round yeah," she said. "Are you going to town, too?"

"Yes," said Louis; "but I have to walk."

"You can ride," she returned. "Pompey will be alone, and he 's right glad of company."

So the last few miles Louis jogged along by a dark-skinned, thick-lipped boy, who spoke a dialect he could scarcely understand.

"Dar am de jail," said the boy. "It hab a heap o' fellows in dar, now. Reckon it 'll be a right smart spell fo' dey git out, too!"

But the young traveler had little interest in jails, and made but short answers. As he approached the city, he dusted off his hat and clothes, and otherwise made himself as neat as he could. At the corner of Maryland Avenue and Second Street he bade his companion good-morning.

He walked briskly through the Capitol grounds without noticing any of the surroundings. He hastened up the broad steps, through the rotunda, not stopping till he reached the green swinging doors which guard the upper House of Congress. Then suddenly he found himself nervous and excited; his forehead was wet with perspiration, the air seemed lifeless to him, and his courage was gone. He turned about and walked wearily away. He did not stop until he was under the dome, and then, somewhat tired of carrying about the little carpet-bag in which he had packed all his outfit, he seated himself upon a bench and looked about him.

He soon noticed that the number of people increased as noonday approached, and he summoned up his courage to return to the entrance of the Senate. Forgetting, for the moment, the letter given to him by Edward Everett, he began to consider whether he could not secure the influence of some Massachusetts statesman. Of course, his first thought was of Charles Sumner. He approached a man sitting near one of the doors, and said:

"Can you tell me where I can find Mr. Sumner?"

"I suppose he is in his committee-room," returned the attendant.

"Where 's that?" asked Louis.

"It does n't make any difference to you, where it is. You can't see him till he comes out," was the ungracious reply. "You stay around here, and when he comes along I'll tell him you want to see him."

So Louis walked up and down, watching the people pass him,—black and white, rich and poor, ladies and char-women, excited politicians, jostling, dejected beggars, all intent on their own affairs.

But a boy can not feed upon sights, and he wandered down the hall until he found an old colored woman selling pies, cakes, buns, and fruit. Her stand was in a corridor between the rotunda and the Senate. She seemed much interested in Louis. She was, even then, a well-known character, and acquainted with many of the legislators, all of whom were kind to her, and, it is said, she occupies the same stand to this day, and has not forgotten Louis's visit.

"What makes you charge so much?" he inquired, when he had learned her prices.

"I keep fust-class victuals, and I sells to Congressmen, not to no common trash," she replied.

Louis thereupon invested in a piece of pie and apple, which he eagerly ate and found satisfying.

"I wonder if Congressmen like such hard crust?" he thought, as he went back to his post. It was then two o'clock, so he approached the doorkeeper again.

"Did you find Mr. Sumner?" he asked.

"I have n't seen him to-day; but when he comes along, I'll let you know," said the doorkeeper, grinning.

"So you told me this morning at eleven o'clock, and I have waited ever since."

"Have you?" chuckled the official. "I forgot about you entirely."

Soon a man walked up hastily and, giving a card to the doorkeeper, said, "Send that to Senator Sumner!" Before many minutes an attendant returned and the man was invited to enter.

Louis was quick to take the hint. Writing his name upon a blank card, which he found upon a table near the door, he said to the doorkeeper, "Send my name to Senator Sumner, and I think he will see me!"

Louis spoke so confidently, that the doorkeeper, after looking sharply at him, sent in the card.

Senator Sumner received the card just as he was about to come out, and so appeared with the card in his hand. As he reached the door, he asked the doorkeeper:

"Where is the gentleman who sent in this card?"

"It was that little boy standing there," said the doorkeeper.

The Senator turned courteously to Louis, saying, "Well, my boy, what is it?"

"I have come to Washington to be appointed midshipman," said Louis, simply.

Mr. Sumner looked at him with surprise. At length he said, "I'm too busy to see you now. Come and see me at my room to-night." Then he walked briskly away.

That night Louis had a long interview with the Senator, and told him the whole story.

"Did you walk all the way?" the Senator asked.

"No, sir," said Louis; "I contrived to get two little rides on the cars, and two or three persons helped me a few miles."

He saw the Senator's bright eyes twinkle, and his firm mouth break into a smile.

"Well, well, you have pluck! Did you think you could surely get the place?"

"Oh, yes, sir; I know I can."

Here Mr. Sumner looked serious again, and presently said, reluctantly, that he feared he could do nothing for Louis.

"It is no use, my boy. Even the President could n't do it. Why, I have from four to five hundred applicants whose fathers are influential men in high positions, all seeking to be appointed as midshipmen or cadets. You could get to be colonel in the army more easily. It is one of the few things that are absolutely out of the question. You'd better go home—Washington is no place for boys in such times as these."

Louis remembered his letter to Commander Wise, and, after telling Senator Sumner about his interview with the Massachusetts orator, he produced the letter of introduction.

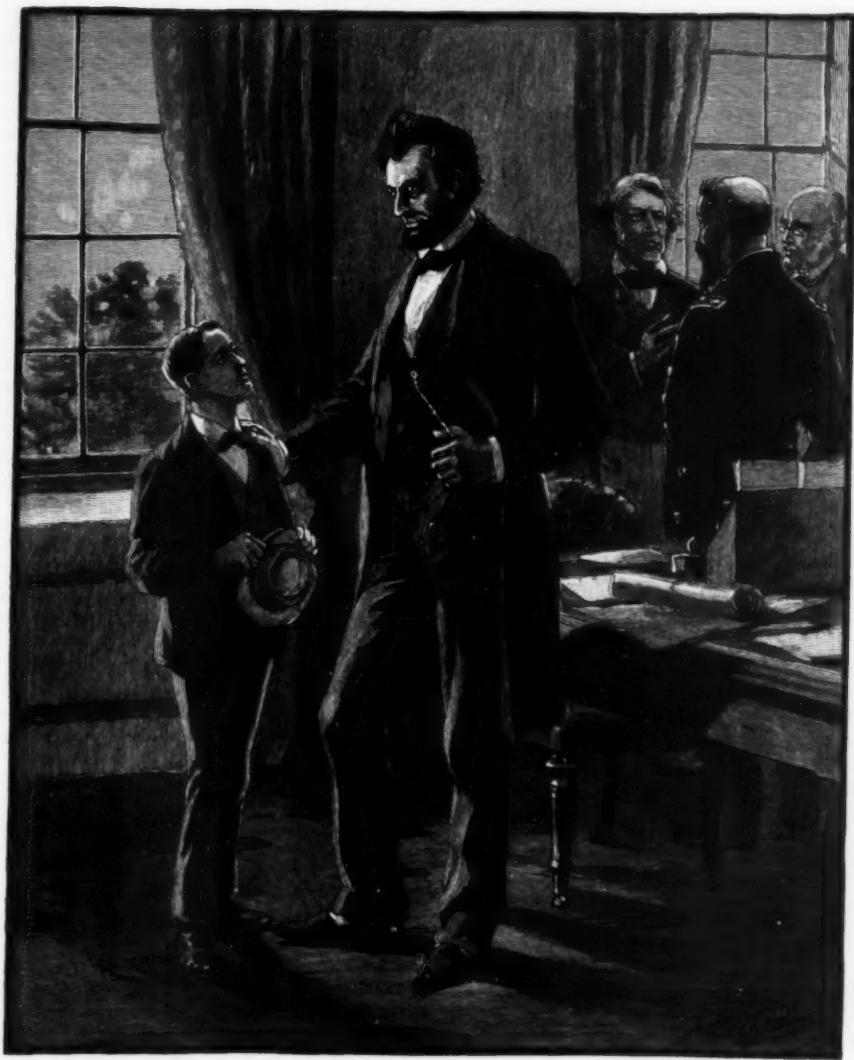
"It will do no good to present it," said Mr. Sumner. "Possibly," said he with a smile, "the President might have influence enough to help you—certainly no one else has!"

Louis, having expected a different result, was for a moment discouraged. But recovering himself, he turned to the Senator and said sturdily:

"I've come to Washington to get that appointment, and sometimes even great men are mistaken. I shall not give it up until I have seen the President himself."

The following morning Louis made his way to the White House. He hung about the porch a while, and then followed some gentlemen inside and upstairs. They turned into one of the rooms and shut the door behind them. Soon another party arrived, and he noticed that they wrote their names on cards and sent them in by the messenger, who afterward admitted them. Louis then remem-

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"MR. LINCOLN THEN LAID HIS HAND ON THE BOY'S ARM AND SAID VERY KINDLY, 'I REALLY CAN DO NOTHING FOR YOU.'" (SEE PAGE 658.)

bered his experience at the Capitol, so he took a leaf from a little note-book, wrote his name on it, and gave it to the man at the door, who seemed, from his accent, to be a German. The messenger quietly tore it up and said:

"You go 'vay! Der President hat no dime for you leetle poys."

"Every one tells me to go home," thought the boy, and for a moment or two he really wished

himself there. But he resolved to make another attempt, and wrote his name upon another piece of paper. The man at the door destroyed this also.

Indignant at this treatment, Louis said loudly: "You have no right to treat me in this way, and if President Lincoln knew it he would not allow it. I've as much right to see the President as any senator or governor in this country, and I know that the President will see a boy who has taken the

people, and he was, besides, a very good reader of character. He saw that Louis was a bright boy. He knew, too, how easily Mr. Lincoln's heart was touched by such a case, and he said:

"I could not appoint you, young man, without violating the law. You would not wish me to do that, I know. I have a son of my own whom I would like to see appointed, and I can't appoint him, either."

"I don't want you to do anything wrong, but I came down here to go to Annapolis," replied Louis; and, half choked with disappointment, he went back to Mr. Lincoln. The doorkeeper allowed him to go right in, and Mr. Lincoln stopped writing immediately to hear the result.

The President asked the boy how he had succeeded, and Louis repeated what had been said.

When he heard it, Lincoln's face looked as sad as Louis's.

Mr. Lincoln put on his hat and, taking the boy by the hand, started for the Navy Department. On the way the President asked Louis about his family, and finally inquired why he came alone, and was much amused by Louis's reply:

"I don't bring my aunt with me when I'm on business!"

On learning something of the boy's ancestry, the President said:

"I see where you get your pluck and perseverance. You shall have that appointment if I have power to give it to you;—if not, I will do something else for you."

Arriving at the Navy Department, the President said to Secretary Welles:

"Welles, I want you to appoint this boy of mine, a midshipman. Any boy of his age who has the pluck and perseverance to do what he has done, I call my boy. Will you appoint him? He tells me you were going to appoint your son. Now, Welles, you have n't any boy of his age but what is tied to his mother's apron-strings and would n't dare to leave home and go through the trials this boy has gone through."

"I have no appointments to make, Mr. Lincoln," replied Secretary Welles. "If I had, I would gladly appoint him."

After a few words more, President Lincoln took Louis by the hand, saying:

"Come, my boy, let us go home."

They returned to the White House, where Secretary Seward was waiting. Mr. Lincoln told of their interview with Mr. Welles.

Mr. Seward suggested that Louis might be appointed to West Point. But this would n't do at all. Louis said he did not care to be anything but a midshipman. Mr. Lincoln, pleased with the boy's resolution and singleness of purpose, said:

"It is no use talking. He has made up his mind, and that settles it!"

"Really, my boy," the President said, after a few moments, "I suppose Mr. Welles is right. We shall have to have a law passed for your benefit. You can have a bill drawn up."

Louis's fervor was beginning to cool. He was astonished that a real President and a real Secretary had to be governed just like other people. Still he did not give up.

He remained at Washington for a long time. His frankness, manliness, and cleverness won him friends everywhere. A bright clever boy, there were many ways in which he could make himself useful in those busy times, and he let no opportunity escape him.

Several senators and congressmen gave him work enough to enable him to support himself. He became intimate at the White House, particularly with the President's youngest son "Tad." But, pleasant as was his life in the capital, Louis never forgot his purpose. Whatever he could do to secure the appointment he did. More than one congressman offered to appoint Louis if he would qualify himself by changing his residence to another district, and Andrew Johnson, then Military Governor of Tennessee, who afterward became President, declared his willingness to give him an appointment, saying he would be glad to have Louis become a midshipman from Tennessee. But Louis neither cared to give up his native State, nor knew how to support himself in a new one; perhaps, also, he was unwilling to leave the field before his fate was settled one way or the other.

One evening, about half-past six, Senator Hale of New Hampshire met Louis just after the adjournment of a meeting of the Committee on Naval Affairs. Of this committee Mr. Hale was chairman. He stopped as he saw Louis, and, beckoning to him, said:

"Louis, I have just drafted a bill which is to be offered in the Senate, and that bill, if passed, will give to the President power to appoint six midshipmen-at-large to fill the vacant districts of Southern congressmen. Now, the bill provides that applicants must be recommended by the representatives of their districts. Now, you go tell the President what I have told you, and make him promise to give you one of those appointments. Don't say a word to any one else!"

Thanking the Senator warmly for his kindness, Louis hurried to the White House, and going to the President's room found him with his son "Tad," to whom he happened to be reading the Bible. Before long, having finished a chapter, he asked Louis, "What brings you here, at this time of the night? Can I do anything for you?"

"Yes, you can, Mr. Lincoln," said Louis, eagerly. "Senator Hale has just told me —" and he told the story, ending with "and I am here to ask for one of those appointments."

"If it is so, yours shall be the first appointment I will make," said the President, warmly. "You deserve it—you have earned it."



PORTRAIT OF LOUIS IN HIS UNIFORM. (ENGRAVED, BY PERMISSION, FROM ENLARGED COPY, BY MORENO AND LOPEZ, OF AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH.)

Evidently Louis did not seem so well pleased as the President had expected, for he asked, with some surprise:

"What!—are you not satisfied?"

"Yes, sir," Louis answered, "more than satisfied. I am gratified and delighted, too, sir. But, you are a very busy man; you may forget it.

Won't you please put it down in writing upon the back of the card you gave me for Secretary Welles?"

Mr. Lincoln laughed heartily.

"Certainly," he said, "but—why don't you study law, Louis, instead of being a midshipman?" and he laughed again. Then, taking the card, he put it on his knee and wrote as follows:

"If it turns out, as this boy says, that a law is to pass giving me the appointing of six midshipmen-at-large, and Hon. Mr. Hooper will come to me and request it, I will nominate him, this boy, as one of them.

"June 11, 1862.

A. LINCOLN."

At length the bill was reported, but before it came to its final passage was so amended as to confine the appointments to the sons of officers, and thus make it impossible for Louis to be appointed under it.

Louis was almost in despair, but he still hoped that something might happen to change the bill before it became a law.

Among the great men who were interested in his story was Mr. Thaddeus Stevens. He promised to attend to the bill when it should come back to the House. Louis had been recommended to him by a lady who was a well-known writer, and Mr. Stevens became much interested in him. In fact, he had told Louis where to sit in the gallery, when the bill was to be passed. Louis sat in the gallery one morning expecting the bill to be read. It was, but Mr. Stevens was not present. The second reading,—and no Mr. Stevens! Louis grew so excited that he was on the point of calling from the gallery to stop it. He had risen in his seat and was looking wildly over the railing and waving his hand, when, just as the bill was passing to the third reading, in came the looked-for man.

Mr. Stevens at once declared in a loud voice, attracting the attention of all present, that this amended bill was all wrong; that it was made especially for a little fellow who had walked all the way from Massachusetts to serve his country, and, pointing up at Louis, he said:

"There he sits in the gallery, waiting for our verdict." This oratorical appeal had an immediate effect. There sat the boy, "pale as a sheet," as Mr. Stevens said afterward.

Mr. Stevens, who probably remembered his early experiences of adversity and trouble, told, in his usual strong and eloquent way, the entire story with great effect. The House at once passed the bill in its original form, and even the Senate receded, and the original bill thus became law. Mr. Hooper wrote to the President, requesting Louis's appointment, and it was among the first ten ap-

pointments of midshipmen made by Mr. Lincoln under this law.

Imagine the surprise of his aunt and the rest of the people of Chelsea when they heard the result! Louis came home, not as he went away, walking and carrying a little bundle, but in a luxurious car, and as an embryo officer of the United States Navy. After a little time spent at home he departed for his duties at the Academy. Here he likewise found himself well known. Visitors almost always asked for him.

Some time afterward Louis visited the field of the second battle of Bull Run, and to his great surprise met there the Colonel who had given him

the money and sent him on to Washington. Great was the amazement of that officer (who had become a General, meanwhile) to learn of the complete success of the boy's Quixotic plan.

Louis served as midshipman, with credit, and, after the war, resigned from the service and entered the legal profession, thus justifying Mr. Lincoln's keen recognition of the bent of the boy's character. He is still living and is now a prominent lawyer in New York City.

Among his most valued possessions is the tiny card written for him by President Lincoln, and here first published as an illustration to this story founded upon facts.

HOW A BATTLE IS SKETCHED.

BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.

THE method of sketching a battle by "our special artist on the spot" is not known to most persons, and droll questions about such work are asked me by all sorts of people. Most of them seem to have an idea that all battlefields have some elevated spot upon which the general is located, and that from this spot the commander can see his troops, direct all their maneuvers and courteously furnish special artists an opportunity of sketching the scene. This would, of course, be convenient, but it very seldom happens to be the case; for a large army usually covers a wide extent of country,—wider in fact than could possibly be seen, even with the best field-glass, from any situation less elevated than a balloon high in air.

A battle is usually fought upon a pre-arranged plan, but most of the circumstances and actors during the actual conflict are unseen by the chief general. He, however, mentally comprehends everything and readily understands what is going on from the reports which are constantly brought to him by staff-officers.

It may happen that the point where the most important movement is to be made, is so located that no general view of it can be had, and it is only by going over the actual ground that one can observe what is going on. Now, the artist must see the scene, or object, which he is to sketch, and so, during the battle, is obliged to visit every accessible point which seems likely to be an important one, and there make a sufficient memorandum, or gain such information as will enable him to decide at the close of the action precisely what were its most interesting features.

Many persons have said that since my duty was only to *see*, and not to *fight*, they should think that I would not be shot at, and so did not incur much danger of being hit.

Ordinarily, of course, the fact is that, in a general engagement, special individuals who do not seem to be prominent are seldom selected as targets, but if your own chance is no worse, it is surely no better than that of others near you. To really see a battle, however, one must accept the most dangerous situations, for in most cases this can not possibly be avoided.

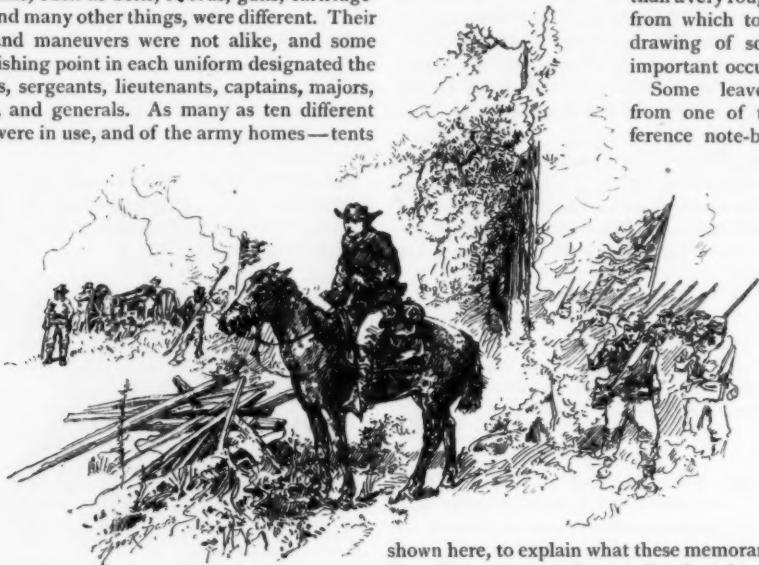
There have been occasions when some industrious sharp-shooter troubled me by a too personal direction of his bullets. No doubt the man regarded me as somebody on the other side, and considered he was there to shoot at anything or anybody on the other side. My most peculiar experience of this sort was having a sketch-book shot out of my hand and sent whirling over my shoulder. At another time, one chilly night after the day of a hard battle, as I lay shivering on the ground with a single blanket over me, a forlorn soldier begged and received a share of the blanket. I awoke at day-break to find the soldier dead, and from the wound it was plain that but for the intervention of *his* head the bullet would have gone through my own.

There are also incidents which would show the other risks, besides those during a battle, to which a special artist is exposed. But it is the work and not the adventures of the artist which I shall describe; and to make the subject clear it will be well to explain how much there was to be learned when I first entered the field as a campaign artist.

Infantry, cavalry, and artillery soldiers, each had their particular uniform, and besides these, their equipments, such as belts, swords, guns, cartridge-boxes, and many other things, were different. Their tactics and maneuvers were not alike, and some distinguishing point in each uniform designated the corporals, sergeants, lieutenants, captains, majors, colonels, and generals. As many as ten different saddles were in use, and of the army homes—tents

secure detailed sketches, and under some circumstances it would often be impossible to get more than a very rough sketch from which to finish a drawing of some very important occurrence.

Some leaves taken from one of these reference note-books are



OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON THE SPOT.

—there was a great variety. The harness for artillery horses was peculiar, as was that of the mules which drew the army wagons and ambulances.

Now, these are only some of the things,—a few of them,—but sufficient to show the necessity for a special sketch-book, in which to make, whenever I found an opportunity, memorandum sketches of every new thing. I thus provided myself with a reference book for use when active campaigning commenced; for then there would be no time to

shown here, to explain what these memoranda were like. They are somewhat smaller than the originals, but it should be mentioned that these note-books were small, so that they might conveniently be carried in my pocket, ready for use at any moment.

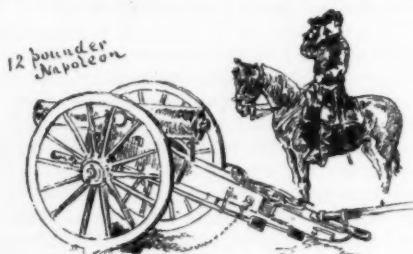
Now, a word about my army homes: There never was the slightest difficulty in finding quarters, and, when with the Western army, I sometimes had several different quarters at the same time, places where I paid a regular monthly mess-bill, whether present or absent, and thus was enabled to stay



Fire



Load



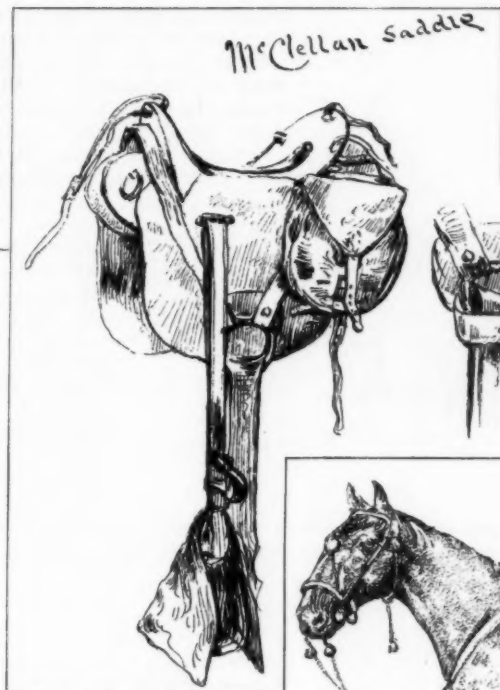
12 pounder
Napoleon



3 inch Rodman
Rifle

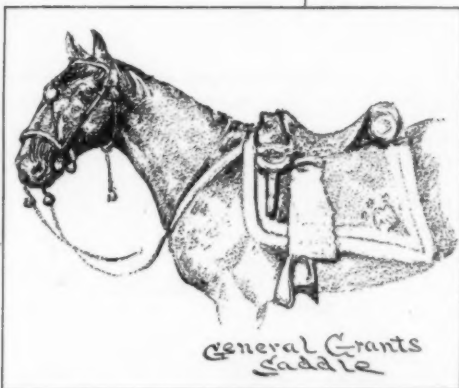
FROM THE ARTIST'S SKETCH-BOOK.

over night at the place nearest to the scene of the next day's work, or could immediately commence to prepare the finished drawings to be sent away to my journal at

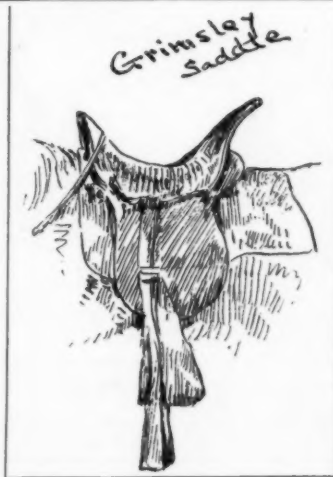


very queerest specimens of hasty memoranda, and one of these (which it will be observed bears every evidence of being made on the spot) shows a locality in which bullets flew thick and fast, and everybody was quite busy and active.

The place was the scene of a part of the battle of Raymond, and the note will no doubt amuse most of those who see it;



the very earliest opportunity. Of course the character of these drawings varied both according to the circumstances under which they were made and the time afforded for their elaboration from the sketches. And the sketches, or mere notes, as at times they were, might sometimes be absolutely unintelligible except to myself (although even now, and after twenty-five years have passed, many of these same rough notes bring back to my mind the scenes they indicate, and suggest many forgotten details). Probably my note-book of General Grant's Vicksburg campaign contains some of the



but, should it meet the eye of any of the veterans of the Vicksburg campaign who were in the Raymond fight, they will not, remembering the experience, wonder at the appearance of the memorandum. My horse had been shot a few moments before the sketch was made, and there is still a reminder of the incident in the form of a scar on my left knee as large as a half-dollar, made by the bullet that killed my horse—or some other bullet.

The Raymond fight was not a great battle, but one of those compact and vigorous engagements at close quarters, without any protecting earthworks.



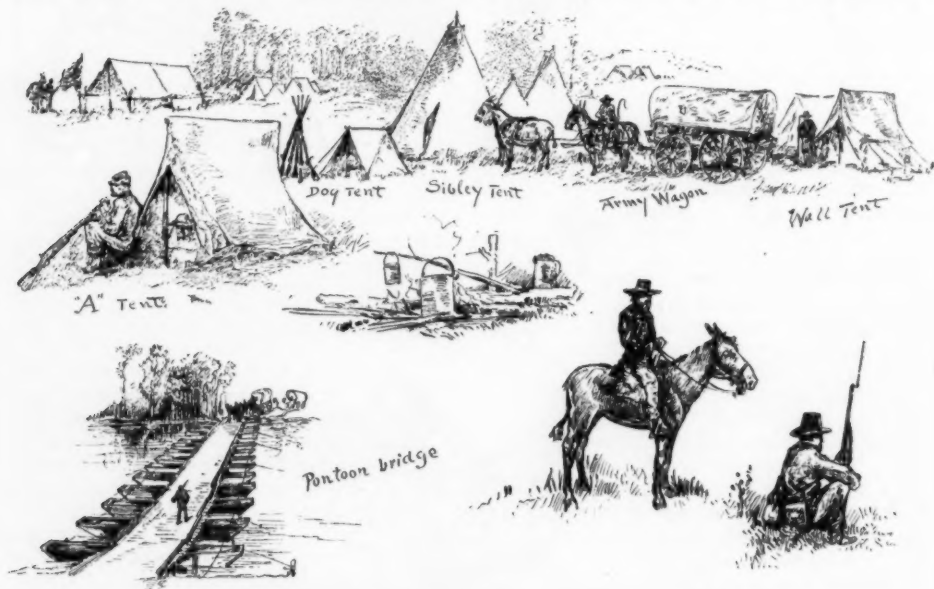
camped some miles beyond the scene of the battle, what I saw of the field I saw during the action.

By comparing the note with the drawing, a something may be discovered which stands for one of Captain De Golyer's six-pounder.* The written word, "Logan," means General Logan;

"Mc" is for Colonel Ed. McCook, who was at the moment limping away, wounded,

and had taken two muskets for crutches; "M" shows where General McPherson was, and near him was the brave Lieutenant-Colonel W. E. Strong, who a year afterward rescued General McPherson's lifeless body from the battlefield of Atlanta. Trees and smoke are suggested, and a few marks (which might mean anything) stand for the road and a bit of destroyed fence. The word "dust" shows where there was

Under such conditions it could last but a brief time before one side or the other gave way, a dust cloud—an evidence of a movement of troops. The name of the division which was



and that time it was the Confederate soldiers who found the situation too uncomfortable to remain; and as we followed quickly after them, and

marching there, I took pains to learn afterward. There was an incident in this scene which was as amusing as it was characteristic of the chief actor,

* Illustrating the chances of war—when the paper containing the illustrations of the Vicksburg campaign reached me, a copy was handed to Captain De Golyer, who at that moment was with his battery in the advance line in front of Vicksburg. The captain started for his tent, at some distance in the rear, and in a place of comparative safety, and while there, looking over the paper, a chance bullet struck him, inflicting a wound which caused his death a few weeks afterward.



ARTIST'S "NOTE" FOR THE PICTURE OF THE BATTLE OF RAYMOND.

Captain Tresalian, an Irish officer on the staff of General Logan. He was seated astride of the top-most rail of the fence, across which, in some places, the fight was going on with clubbed muskets; which side the captain was most interested in was doubtful, for, with cap in one hand and sword in the



THE BATTLE OF RAYMOND.

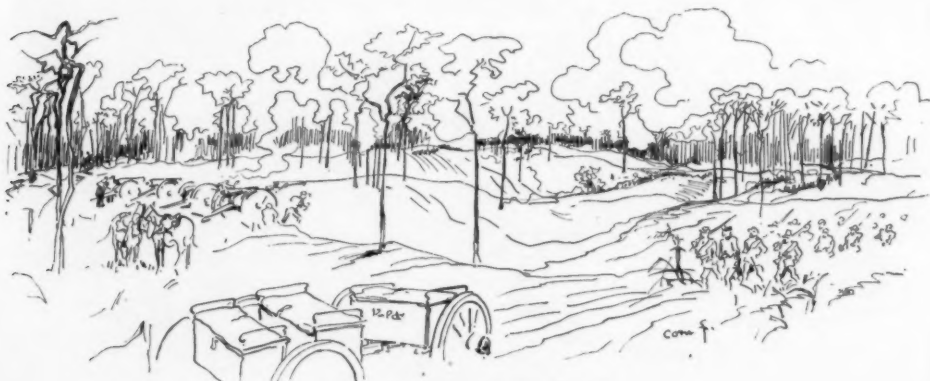


THE FIELD OF BATTLE AT CHAMPION'S HILL.

other, he was encouraging both parties to go in, and do their best, while he occupied a reserved seat, a most interested spectator.

This man was a type of the soldier who loves a fight, and true stories of some of his doings seem

almost too improbable to believe. I think he was unconscious of danger, and I know that I was not, for in some of my sketch-books there are memorandum sketches of some battlefield occurrences which show plainly that the hand holding



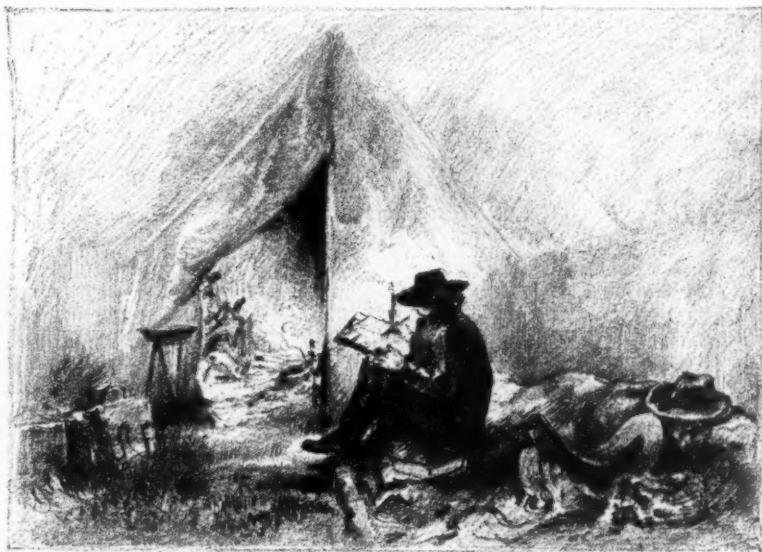
ARTIST'S "NOTE" FOR ABOVE DRAWING.



AN INCIDENT OF THE VICKSBURG CAMPAIGN.

the pencil was unsteady; and jerky marks here and there make it pretty plain that the locality was an unsafe one. The surroundings, as well as the danger, had some influence at the moment when such sketches were made; for most of these "Get-out-of-that" sketches, as my army friends called them, show simply the locality of some exciting incident, and not a general view, such as

that of the field at Champion's Hill (or Baker's Creek, as the Confederate soldiers called the battle). The memorandum sketch of that action shows a general view of the field, indicated with reasonable distinctness—even if "corn f" does stand for a field of corn! After leaving the spot, I saw General Grant and some of his staff at that point, and so introduced them in the sketch, to add inter-



"OUR SPECIAL ARTIST" WORKING AT NIGHT.

est to the scene. Of a number of sketches made during this battle, only one or two were finished to send to the paper, for during the Vicksburg campaign the movements and incidents occurred so rapidly that it was difficult to decide what to spare time for, so as to send sketches which would give the best general idea of what had happened.

An incident which is worth telling took place after the close of the battle of Champion's Hill. The Confederates had started back to Vicksburg, and some of our troops marched hastily in the same direction; clouds of dust rose from beyond the forest to the left of the road along which we marched, and we were not surprised, upon coming to a large field, to see soldiers marching along a road on the opposite side, nor astonished to see two mounted men leave the column and ride toward two of our officers who had immediately started to ascertain what troops those were. When, presently, we saw these horsemen firing their revolvers at one another, we knew that those were not our troops marching over there, and made arrangements accordingly.

Some time after the close of the war, two gentlemen met on a steamboat in the South, and each thought that he recognized the other, though where they had met neither could then recollect; but it soon came out that it was on that 16th of May, 1863, after the Champion's Hill engagement,

and as they shook hands for the first time each was glad that his pistol-shot had done the other no harm.

A glance at the illustration of "our special artist" working late at night to finish his sketches, makes me tired enough to stop right here; for it brings to mind the many nights, when a few hours' sleep was all the rest the Special could expect to have after a long day, during which nearly every part of an army covering miles of country had been visited and the general situation of the forces had been ascertained.

Of the different ways of forwarding sketches, the mail, next to a special messenger, was found to be the quickest and safest; and now, looking back at the prodigious work that was accomplished by those whose duty it was to forward and receive our army's mail, I know of nothing else wherein the Government's care of the soldiers was more fully displayed.

In closing this article, it ought to be stated that I have made sketches upon many battle-fields where the fighting was too extended for any single person to hope to reach more than a few of the most prominent points, and I have found that a sure guide to these points was to go toward the place where the heaviest musketry fire was heard,—not a pleasant thing to do, but quite in the line of duty for one who is "special artist on the spot."

EIGHT-DAY CLOCKS.

BY JOEL STACY.

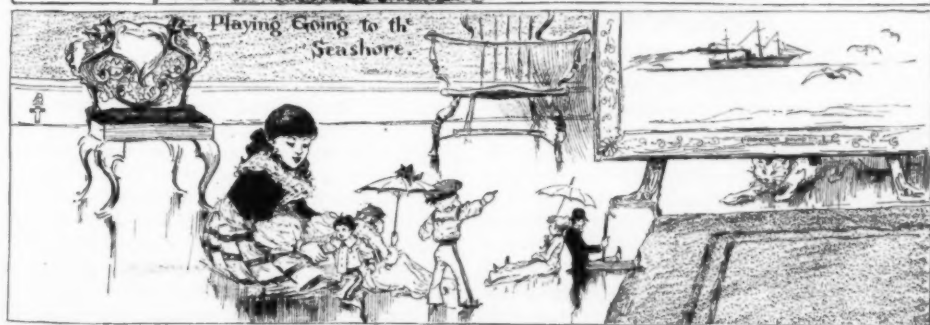
I.

How often I've sustained a shock,
Since I have owned my eight-day clock!
At first, I wound it once a week,
(Bless me! how the key did creak!)
And then I pondered: "Where 's the need?
The thing would go at even speed
A whole day longer, if neglected;
And I, for one, can't be expected
To wind and wind on every Sunday
A clock that 's bound to run till Monday."
And yet each week to add a day,
And recollect, is not my way;
And this it is that bothers me; —
My clock and I do not agree.

II.

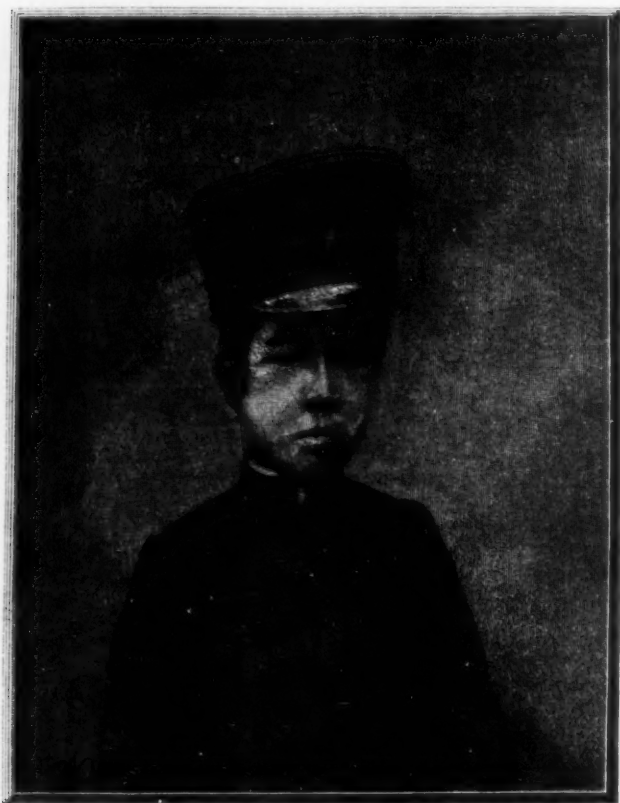
Suppose *you* buy an eight-day clock,
And add it to your household stock,
And wind it every week, we 'll say,
Letting go that extra day;
How many times (to be quite clear),
Must it be wound within the year?
And on the other hand, suppose
You let it run till toward its close,
And so, on each eighth day, delight
In winding it with gentle might,
And never miss the task — 't is clear,
You 'll wind it fewer times a year;
But just how many times, you see,
May best be told by *you*, not me.

HOW
I PLAY
WITH MY
DOLLIES.



YOSHI HITO, HARU NO MIYA, THE CHILD OF MODERN JAPAN.

BY ELIZA RUHAMAH SCIDMORE.



YOSHI HITO, HARU NO MIYA, CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN.

OF the children of the Emperor of Japan only one son and one daughter remain to him, Prince Haru and the Princess Hisa. Yoshi Hito, Haru no Miya celebrated his ninth birthday on August 31, 1888, and if he lives will succeed his father on the throne. Princess Hisa is three years old, but although empresses have ruled Japan in the early centuries, the line of succession passes from Prince Haru to the cousins of the Emperor.

The word Haru in the Japanese language means spring-time, and Aki, the name of the last little

prince who died, means autumn, so that the imperial brothers, Prince Spring and Prince Autumn, were often spoken of together, and the play upon their names gave court poets many opportunities to turn graceful verses to them. Prince Haru was born in the Tokio palace, and until his second year lived in the imperial nurseries in the Nakayama Yashiki, a black-walled place facing the castle moats. After that he was transferred to the palace of the Empress Dowager, but he now resides with the Emperor. A new imperial palace has just

been built in Tokio, and in it there is a large wing or pavilion that contains the apartments of Prince Haru and his suite.

The present Emperor of Japan passed his boyhood, like his ancestors before him, in the seclusion of the old imperial palace in Kioto. When he came to the throne, in 1867, he was only fifteen years of age, and had dreamed and imagined less of the outside world than his little nine-year-old son now actually knows. His early life had been occupied with the study of "the classics" and the routine of the most elaborate etiquette and most long-drawn ceremonial known to any court of the world. There was in his existence none of the activity and excitement that crowd the daily life of a European sovereign or crown prince, and when he left the palace grounds it was in a closely covered palanquin, or cart, and he could go only to some other high-walled palace, temple, or monastery grounds. He wore flowing, large-sleeved garments of the heaviest brocades, that prevented him from doing anything more than walking at a most dignified pace, and a sedate promenade in the palace gardens was as much exercise as he ever took.

At the time the Emperor came to the throne the war between his followers and those of the Shogun, or military ruler, was fast approaching an open conflict, and it ended, as we all know,* in the short campaign of 1869, the overthrow of the Shogun and the restoration of the secluded ruler to actual power. A few battles near Kioto, the siege and destruction of the Osaka castle, were the great incidents of the struggle, and the defeated Shogun escaped in disguise, first to a United States gunboat, and after leaving that refuge was captured by the imperial forces. His life was magnanimously spared; and, stripped of his power, titles, and estates, he now lives as a private gentleman in the small town of Shidzuoka, about one hundred miles south of Tokio.

After his restoration to actual power the Emperor moved his court to Tokio, the old military capital of the Shogun, and greatly changed his manner of living and of conducting the nation's affairs. He adopted for himself European dress as his costume of ceremony, and soon uniformed the army, the police, and civil-officers in the coat and trousers of Western nations. The old nobles were horrified to have their sovereign appear in the Tokio streets in the open day, and to have any one and every one looking upon his sacred countenance, but they have since become used to it.

Compared to his imperial father, even at the present day, Prince Haru is much more emancipated, and none of the old traditions seem to have

any weight in regulating his conduct. There was no precedent to follow in the education of a Japanese prince in the modern way, and Prince Haru has made many laws for himself. He is a wonderfully bright and precocious little fellow, and his small, twinkling black eyes are full of mischief and see everything. He is hardly taller than an American boy of six years of age, but he has at times the dignity, the pride of birth, and consciousness of station and power, of a man of sixty. His eyes are not slanting, nor indeed does one often see in a Japanese face the wonderfully oblique eyes beloved of the caricaturists. The peculiarity in the expression of their eyes is given by the eyelids being fastened in either corner, as if a few stitches had been taken there. This makes it impossible for them to lift the eyelids as high as we do, and gives the narrower slits through which they look the peculiar Oriental look. One often sees Japanese with as round, wide-open eyes as those of our race, and it gives an especial beauty to their countenances.

Prince Haru has the exquisitely smooth, fine yellow skin that is one of the points of greatest beauty in Japanese children, and a bright color sometimes shows in the pale yellow of his little cheeks. He has the rank of a colonel in the Japanese army, and wears his military uniform and his cap with the gold star all the time, his clothes being dark-blue cloth in winter and white duck in summer. He is fond of riding, and, when mounted, the miniature colonel trots along at a fine gait, giving and returning the military salute as he passes an officer or a sentry, like a young martinet. Being a prince, as well as a colonel, he has a suite of nobles in attendance upon him,—chamberlain, preceptor, secretary, equerry, and aide-de-camp all going with the establishment of this imperial mite. Many of these nobles are as old as his father, and a few are old enough to be his grandfathers. Even by taking their regular turns at duty, the suite and staff in attendance upon him are kept very busy by the active young princeling. One set escort him to school, stay on duty there and carry the books to and fro, and are relieved by those who attend the small Highness in his hours of ease and play.

While Prince Haru has his separate establishment in the palace, he often dines with the Empress Dowager, or sits in state at the table with the Emperor and Empress. He is as apt in handling the knife, fork, and spoon, as he is with the chopsticks, and comprehends all the etiquette of offering or receiving a "health" with one of the tall champagne glasses, as well as the formalities attending the use of the thin *sake* cups. He is said

* See article entitled "Great Japan: the Sunrise Kingdom," in *ST. NICHOLAS* for November, 1888.

to talk to his father as unrestrainedly as to any member of his suite, to politely answer back, contradict and give his own little opinion, as if it were an ordinary father he addressed, instead of Mutsu Hito, Son of Heaven, and one hundred and twenty-first sovereign of the unbroken line of Japan's imperial family. The Emperor is said to greatly delight in the boy's ways, and his chatter about what he sees and does; and to the whole court the Heir Apparent is a wonderful and extraordinary child.

Prince Haru attends the nobles' school in Tokio and has private tutors besides. He is very quick to learn and an ambitious student, a little more assertive and argumentative than the usually timid, docile, gentle little Japanese boys in the classes with him. English is the foreign language that he has decided to learn first, and he already knows many conventional phrases of greeting and social intercourse.

He enters into the tugs-of-war, football, and other school games with the young noblemen who are associated with him, and is as earnest in his play as in everything else.

When he was only seven years old Prince Haru had an unexpected wrestling match with a small American boy of his own age. It was at a school entertainment in Tokio, and it began by Prince Haru's noticing that the young American kept on his Tam o' Shanter cap in the princely presence.

"Go and tell that boy to take off his hat!" ordered the small prince to his aide-de-camp.

Before the officer could reach the offender, the insulted princeling slipped from his chair, strode down, and knocked off the hat with his own hand. Young America never stopped to think who the aggressor was, but struck back, and in a few minutes the future emperor and one of our future presidents had clinched, and were slapping and pounding each other in the most democratic manner. The horrified nobles of the prince's suite and the frightened parents of the young American separated them, and led them apart, neither combatant feeling any regret for what he had done.

"That boy slapped me first, when I was n't doing anything to him!" persisted the young American, whose parents were almost expecting to be arrested or beheaded for the unprecedented

treatment of such a sacred being as the Imperial Crown Prince.

"I have punished that boy for his impoliteness in wearing his hat in my presence," said the pompous princeling, frowning at his suite, tightening his little sword-belt and strutting up and down like a young game-cock.

The tableaux and exercises went on quietly after that prelude, and when supper-time came, Prince Haru was seen eating pink and white ice-cream elbow to elbow with his late opponent, and gallantly feeding his own sponge-cake and *éclair*s to the opponent's pretty little yellow-haired sister.

Prince Haru inherits his father's love of horses and horse-racing, and at the spring and autumn races in Tokio is to be seen in the imperial box. When he attends without the Emperor, the Japanese national anthem is played by the military band to announce the arrival of an imperial personage, and he is received with the same honors as his father. The youngster carries a field-glass half as long as his arm, to watch the horses as they circle about the great lotus-lake at the Uyeno park track, and he is the most excited among the spectators when the horses are on the last quarter. He is critical and appreciative, too, at the fencing and wrestling matches, and the Japanese athletic sports and contests that survive from the old feudal days.

The old conservative nobles are not pleased with the idea of this very precocious and modern young prince going about so much and seeing so much of the world. They think him too advanced and too progressive, and consider that he is having his own way too much; but those nobles do not know boys and princes in other countries, and being first of the princes to grow up after the restoration, everything has to be new and experimental in his case. It is proposed, that when he reaches the age of fifteen or sixteen years, he shall go abroad with his tutors. Prince Haru will spend several years on his travels around the world, seeing the other nations of the earth, living for a time in the great capitals, and studying the methods and results of the different forms of government, so that he may have a broad and general knowledge of affairs before he is called upon to become the ruler of Japan.

HOW POLLY AND PETER KEEP HOUSE.

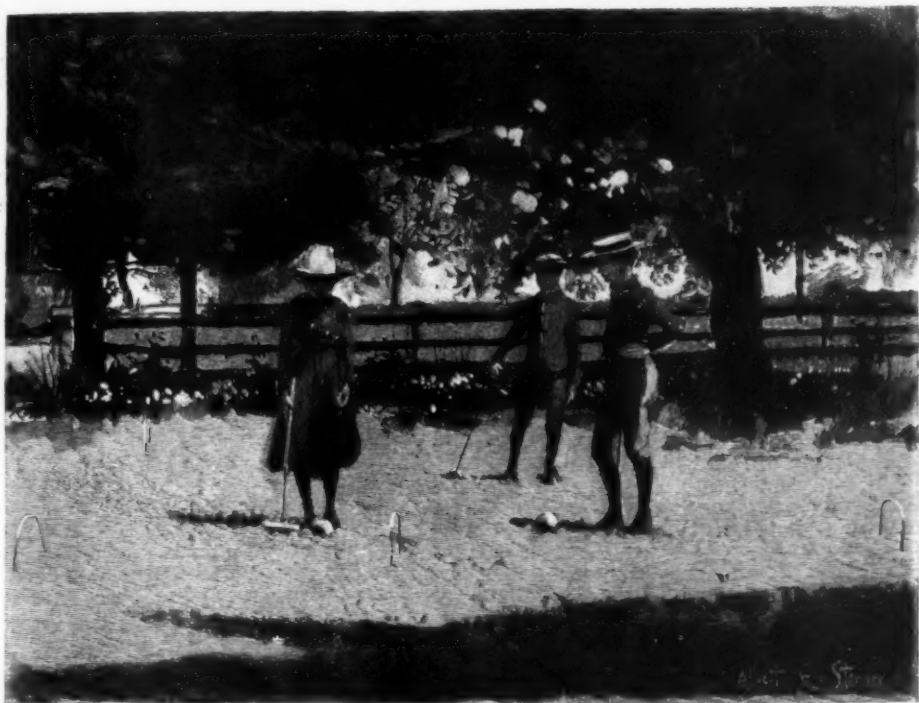
BY DORA READ GOODALE.

My uncle is threshing with Freddy;
My mother has gone to the fair;
I've vowed to be steady as steady,
And baby, she 's tied in her chair:
I must brush up the hearth to look neater,
And put all the tea-cups away,—
There 's no one to help me but Peter,
And Peter,— why, Peter 's at play.

Just hear how the turkeys are crying,
And the calf is as hungry as two!
I 'll see if the cherries are drying,
And then there 's the churning to do:

In summer we churn in the cellar,
So baby can come there to stay —
I must think of a story to tell her
While Peter,— but Peter 's at play.

It is time that the chicken was over,
And my mending is scarcely begun,—
Here 's Peter come up from the clover,
And we never have dinner till one!
I 'll just make this sauce a bit sweeter
And bring out some cakes on a tray,—
He must be well treated, poor Peter,
He does work so hard at his play!



DOOMED!

A MONG THE FLORIDA KEYS.

SUMMER VACATION ALONG THE CORAL-REEFS OF SOUTHERN FLORIDA.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER,

Member of the N. Y. Academy of Science, Hon. Member of Linnæan Society, etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

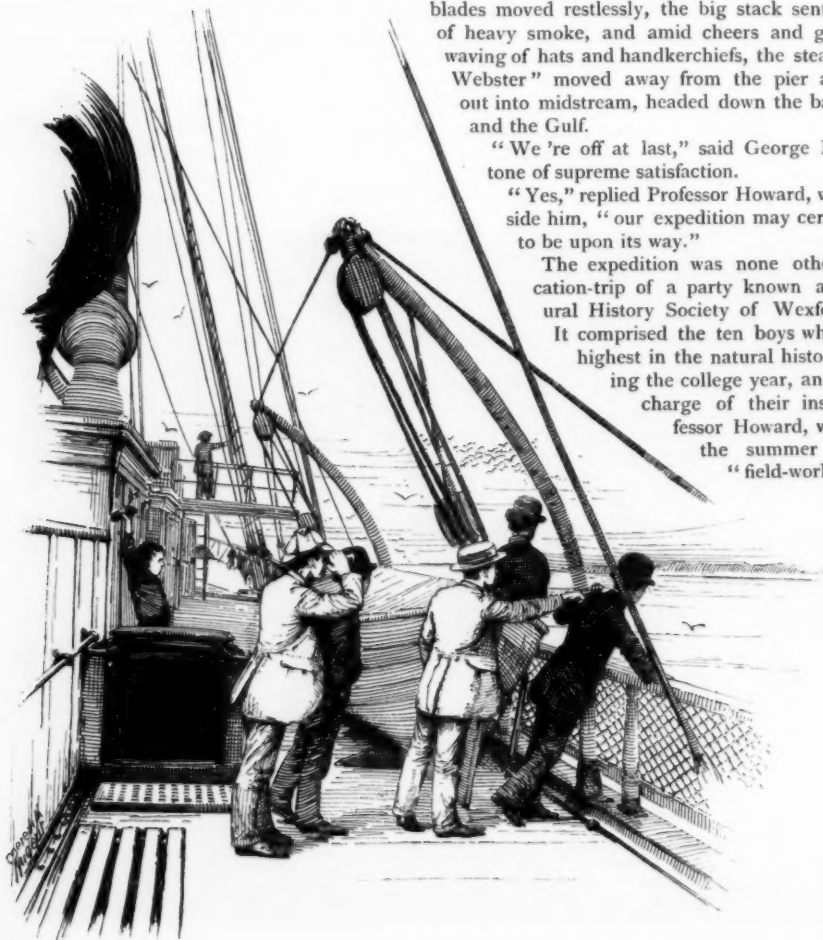
"ALL ashore that's going ashore!" For the last time the peremptory and ungrammatical order rang through the vessel, the huge hawsers were cast off, the great propeller blades moved restlessly, the big stack sent out volumes of heavy smoke, and amid cheers and good-byes, the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, the steamer "Daniel Webster" moved away from the pier and, swinging out into midstream, headed down the bay for Florida and the Gulf.

"We're off at last," said George Ramsey, in a tone of supreme satisfaction.

"Yes," replied Professor Howard, who stood beside him, "our expedition may certainly be said to be upon its way."

The expedition was none other than a vacation-trip of a party known as the "Natural History Society of Wexford College."

It comprised the ten boys who had ranked highest in the natural history course during the college year, and they, under charge of their instructor, Professor Howard, were to spend the summer months in "field-work" among the



coral reefs of the Gulf of Mexico and the Florida coast.

Old Mr. Redlow, one of the Board of Trustees was the college benefactor, and he frequently made large gifts of money to widen its scope and influence. Recently he had proposed to give to Professor Howard, who was in charge of the Scientific Department, a fund to cover the expenses of expeditions for field-work, to supplement the theoretical studies in the class-room. Before finally deciding upon this course, however, he proposed to send such an expedition to Florida as an experiment designed to show the need and benefit of field-work, especially in natural history.

Professor Howard was only too glad to take charge of the party, and not one of the ten students who ranked highest in the class refused this opportunity for a healthful and improving vacation. Much difficult work was to be required from the young students, but the idea of studying under such delightful conditions and surroundings had filled these ten boys with the brightest hopes, and they set forth for their summer schooling with scarce restrained exuberance.

Down the broad river that borders the great city glided the south-bound steamer. As the sun went down, the steady rolling swell suggested the deeper waters they were approaching.

"Oh, see that porpoise!" cried Frank Vail suddenly, as a black body rose, making a graceful curve in air several feet above the water. "I did n't know they ever leaped so high as that."

"Indeed they do," replied Prof. Howard. "I remember when I was a boy that a number of us cornered a school of porpoises in a small Connecticut inlet, and, stretching our five boats across the entrance, tried to drive them to the beach. The porpoises were frightened and made a rush for open water, dashing directly toward us. Most of them dived under the boats, but four big fellows leaped right over our heads, clearing, I suppose, some twenty feet in distance at one leap. I really don't know which were the most astonished, we boys or the porpoises!"

"Why did n't you hit them with an oar as they went over you?" asked Tom Derby.

"Well, Tom," said the Professor, laughing, "if I remember, we did n't think of it; we simply dodged."

Here the supper-gong sounded and the "expedition" was shortly seated at table, with the keen appetite of youth sharpened by the salty air.

"You may not be so hungry to-morrow at this time, my lads," said the captain, smiling at their eagerness. "It will probably take you a day or two to get your sea-legs on."

"Where do we get them, captain?" inquired

young Ramsey, to whom the expression was new.

"Why, old Davy Jones keeps them in his locker," said the captain, who thought the boy might be joking, amid the laughter of the rest, "and if the wind freshens up a bit you can expect him aboard to-morrow."

"Now, young gentlemen," said Professor Howard, as they all gathered in the cabin after supper, "it is a good time to say a word about our plans for work. Although our trip is to be for study, we wish to combine all proper pleasure with it. If we are not interested by our studies, there is little profit in attempting them. So, in the first place, we shall endeavor to busy ourselves with broad elementary observations, and the simpler facts of animal life. The investigation and study which is the real object of this expedition will, therefore, come easily to you all. As there are ten of you, I propose to make each of five couples responsible for a certain group of animal life, and that group is to be considered the specialty of each pair. You will be required to keep daily a brief journal of your discoveries, and to learn as much as possible about the structure and habits of such specimens as you may find. A portion of our evenings can usually be spent over the microscope, or in talks over each day's work, and find of specimens. I have heard it said that natural history is a dry study, but I hope to prove that a fallacy, and to show you that there is nothing more exciting, health-giving, and instructive than what is called 'field-work.' Here are your special divisions, arranged, I think, somewhat according to your tastes and leanings: Eaton and Douglas will take the *Radiates*—the star-fishes, corals, and all animals that spread from the center; Ludlow and Vail, the *Mollusks* or shell-fish, and so on; Hall and Ramsey, the *Crustaceans*—as crabs and craw-fish; Carrington and Raymond, birds and reptiles; Woodbury and Derby, the insects and such land animals as we may find. Although you have these special subjects, you are to collect everything and endeavor to learn as much as you can. Our specimens will be carefully preserved—the smaller or more delicate forms in alcohol; sea-weeds must be pressed, while some of the fishes and all of the birds need to be skinned." The boys listened attentively to the Professor's directions.

Although thoroughly enjoying the voyage,—after the much dreaded Hatteras, and the still more dreaded sea-sickness had been safely weathered,—they looked forward with keen expectation to the run ashore and to the study that was to be so much like play.

And so, late one afternoon, as they hung over the gunwale studying the frequent patches of gulf

weed which make up the celebrated Sargasso Sea, the Professor told them that this weed was the home of myriads of strange creatures.* Suddenly they heard from the pilot-house the cheery cry, "Land ho!"

"Where, where?" shouted all the boys, as with straining eyes they looked across the great stretch of blue water.

The captain, who was leaning out of the pilot-house window, pointed to the west, and the boys, following with their eyes the direction of his finger, saw what seemed only a dim and hazy mist.

"That is Florida," said Professor Howard, "and we are near the capes."

Soon, out of the hazy mist came into view the long line of white beach and its background of trees, and then the course of the steamer was changed and both beach and trees passed from sight again. The weather was delightfully warm; strange sea-birds appeared on the water, which shone like a sea of glass; zigzag ripples formed behind the sickle-fin of a great shark as he sculled slowly along just beneath the surface. The setting sun was throned in gorgeous colors; eroded clouds floated in the background, upon which were lighter fleeces fringed with gold and gloriously tinted with purple and scarlet. The purest vermilion and lake, brilliant and gem-like, shone almost to scintillation, and rays of azure and gold spread quite to the zenith, lending reflected coloring to the ascending cloud-banks. The sea was lighted up to exceeding beauty. Around the throne of the slowly sinking sun, all was moving, changing, and dissolving, and the spectacle culminated in a scene of rarest brilliancy as the view closed behind the great curtain of the sea.

"My, though!" exclaimed Vail, as silently, almost solemnly, the members of the expedition witnessed their first really tropical sunset; "it's almost like a transformation scene, is n't it, boys?" And then as the Southern Cross hung over the dark water-line and Canopus of the South blazed out in all its splendor, the boys paced their last evening up and down the vessel's deck and enjoyed the full beauty of the brilliant heavens with all the more zest because they knew that early the next morning they would land in Key West.

CHAPTER II.

THEY found Key West (the name of the island is an English corruption of the Spanish *Cayo Hueso*, or Bone Island) a curious town of some thirteen thousand inhabitants, built on the north-western part of a small coral-island, nowhere more than twenty feet above the sea, but with an excellent

harbor. There were sights enough on both sea and shore, to fill profitably the brief time they were to spend there while the Professor was arranging for the little smack in which to make their tour of the Keys—under which general name is grouped the line of coral reefs and sand-banks fringing the Florida coast-line beyond its southernmost cape.

The owner of the "Sallie," the smack they had engaged, was known to every one in Key West as Paublo. He was a good-natured fellow and was quite ready to give the boys every opportunity to make a tour of the island and the neighboring waters; and one morning, as he held his dinghy near the smack with his handy boat-hook, he called out:

"If any of you young men care to go turtling, hop aboard and I'll row you over to Conchtown."

The invitation was gladly accepted by the entire expedition, and Paublo soon pulled around to the head of the island to the mixed Spanish and Negro settlement, shaded by palms and tropical trees, known as Conchtown. As they approached the point the boys saw what seemed like a number of fences extending from the water. These, Paublo said, were "turtle-crawls," or pens about fifty feet square, in which the captured turtles are confined.

Seeing the boat, a number of dusky urchins, who were wading along the shore, rushed out and, before the boat had reached the crawls, had headed it off and begged to be allowed to catch the turtles. Paublo, perfectly willing to escape such hard work, readily consented, and having made the boat fast near one of the gates, he told the boys to catch three of the largest turtles.

Four of the "Conch boys," throwing off their scanty clothing, noiselessly lowered themselves into the water, which, within the crawls, was about five feet deep.

Some twenty or thirty large turtles, of the green and the loggerhead species, could be plainly seen through the clear water lying asleep on the white sandy bottom. Each Conch boy selected a turtle and, swimming toward it from behind, suddenly dived down and caught the sleeping victim by the rim of shell just over its head. Not one missed his grasp, and the next moment the amused watchers saw the captured turtles raise their heads as if in surprise and look quickly around. Then came a grand mixture of flippers, Conch boys' heads, and dashing spray, while the puffing and blowing from both turtles and riders would have done credit to a school of whales.

Up to the surface they came like shots, then down again at race-horse speed, dragging their captors after them, rousing all the other turtles in the pen and sending them tearing up and down

* See article, "A Floating Home," in ST. NICHOLAS for October, 1888.

the inclosure. The Conch boys who were having so furious a turtle-ride seemed to enjoy the sport immensely; holding fast by one hand, they stretched themselves at full length on the turtles' backs, drawing deep breaths whenever they rose to the surface, and taking the dives and the waves as they came along, until the captured turtles — after a struggle of nearly twenty minutes — were finally tired out. Then the Conch boys, grasping the rims of the shells with both hands, knelt squarely on the turtles' backs, and fairly forced their heads out of water and steered them toward the boat where Paublo and the boys of the expedition all "lent a hand" and soon had the game aboard. The flippers were then slit, those on each side tied together, and Paublo's marketing was done.

"I suppose that is our 'fresh beef' for two weeks to come," laughed Vail, surveying the captive monsters.

"Talk about lassoing wild horses!" said Douglas; "why, it's nothing to catching turtles."

"I would n't mind trying a turtle-ride myself," said Tom Derby, as Paublo pulled away for the town.

"You'll have opportunities enough at Garden Key," said Paublo, "and right on the clear reef, too. I've had a big loggerhead tow me an hour before I tired him out, and they are likely to bite, too,—which makes it all the more exciting."

As soon as the Sallie was ready for her cruise the expedition went on board, bade farewell to Key West, shook out the mainsail, and were soon bowling along before the pleasant trade wind, with Sand Key light dead-ahead.

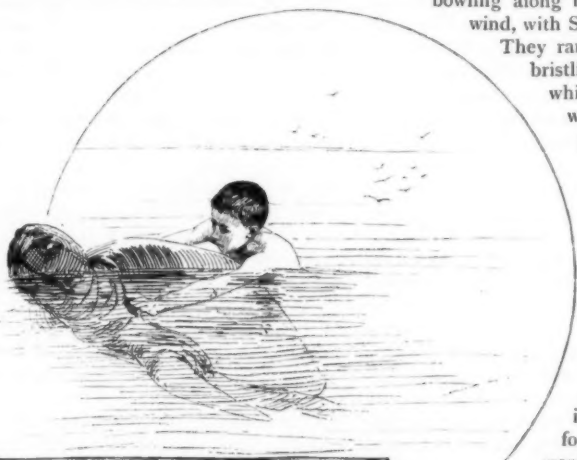
They ran by Fort Taylor, with its bristling guns, past the great white beach where the slaves were once barracooned (or penned in) during the cruel old "slavery days," and quickly were well off-shore and heading out into the south-west channel.

The smack was a roomy little vessel, and was provided with a nice cabin, containing four berths, each for two persons, while well-cushioned seats made good beds for the others. When they were fairly out of the harbor they threw their kingfish lines over the side, and so trolled along, half expecting a bite. Soon a cry from Carrington attracted their attention. He was braced against the bulwarks, hauling at his line with might and main.

"I've got him!" he cried. But that became somewhat doubtful, as the fish gave a surge and took the line through the lad's fingers at a rate that made them burn. Paublo luffed the smack, and they shortly had the kingfish alongside. It proved to be a splendid fellow, about four feet long, of a steel-blue and silver color, and with a long and rakish jaw.

"Don't lift him by the line," said Paublo, unshipping a pair of grains that hung in the shrouds, "or you'll tear out his jaw. Now, hold him up."

Carrington and Tom Derby lifted the fish



THE "CONCH BOYS" CATCHING TURTLES.

slightly, Paublo hurled the barbs into its neck, and by the combined efforts of the three the fish was lifted to the deck, where it threshed around and gave them all a lively few moments, dodging its dangerous tail.

Paublo took him in hand, however, and before long a rich odor floated aft that told of a coming dinner and a good one. Two more kingfish were caught during the afternoon, and by five o'clock that afternoon the smack anchored off the Marquesas — a group of picturesque coral-islands, covered with mangrove trees, half-way between Key West and Rebecca Shoals.

The boys soon had out the dinghy and were pulling toward the shore, when there came a loud splash not a hundred feet beyond them! Now one and then another great white fin was seen, and, with the cry of "Sharks!" the boat's head was turned toward the splashing.

"Don't make any noise, boys," whispered Tom, as he made a long lead- or sounding-line fast to the thwarts and, grains in hand, stood prepared for action as the boat neared the mysterious fins.

"Here 's one coming this way," cried Tom, raising the iron as he spoke.

Hardly had he uttered the words when a great black body appeared near the bow and Tom let drive, with a result that appalled them all. An immense fish, over twenty feet long, and in appearance like a monster bird, rose into the air and then came down with a crash that sounded like the blast of a cannon. The waves nearly filled the boat, and the boys were thrown down in a body by the sudden shock. Bob Carrington had been holding the coil of rope, but had fortunately remembered to throw it overboard, leaving the end fast to the bow.

"That 's no shark!" said Ludlow, as he picked himself up from the bottom of the boat.

"I should say not," replied Tom; "but what do you suppose it is? Just see it go!"

The fish was rushing away, making the water foam and boil.

"Stand by the line," shouted Vail; "it 'll be taut in a second!"

"Away we go!" cried Douglas.

And go they did. For now the fish had run out the whole length of line, and, with a sudden jerk, away flew the boat, bow under, at race-horse speed.

"Cut the rope!" yelled Eaton excitedly, picking himself up for the third time.

"Hold on a minute," said Bob Carrington, who had caught the line at the notch; "I 've got the hatchet, and when I 'm sure he 's too much for us I 'll cut the rope."

But just then they heard Paublo's voice. He

was calling to them from the smack, between his rounded hands and at the top of his voice:

"Cut the line! Cut the line! — don't let him foul the line. It 's a devil-fish!"

CHAPTER III.

THE boat tore along the channel at a terrible rate, but as it turned a curve, the excited boys saw that their strange steed was rushing to its own sure destruction, for the channel ended in a mud flat.

They were right. In its terror the great fish ran high up on the dead coral in about three feet of water. The line slackened at once, and the boys now put out their oars and, after stopping the boat's headway, pulled off to watch the dying struggles. The fish was beating the water with tremendous power. Its head was fully exposed, and as they pulled in range, Tom put a load of buckshot into it and ended its struggles.

When, shortly after, Paublo and the Professor were brought ashore, and they all walked round to view their capture, Paublo said, "Well! you boys had a narrow escape. I thought it must be a devil-fish, and so it was, sure enough! If the line had fouled, he would have upset you in a second."

The huge creature was measured, and found to be seventeen feet across, and it was estimated to weigh fully three tons.

"Its name," said the Professor, "is *Cephalopoda*, and it is one of the largest of the Ray family, to which belong also the skate, the thornback, and the torpedo."

The boys carried away the tail as a souvenir, and then pulled around to the sandy beach off which the smack was anchored.

"Give way hard!" said Paublo, and with a rush the boat was sent on the beach, whereupon the boys all tumbled out and hauled her above the water line.

They started at once to explore the beach, and soon came upon an old wreck, which the tides had evidently driven higher and higher, year after year, until it was now high and dry, the haunt of crabs and gulls, which had evidently taken complete possession. Tom noted one bird of so brilliant a red that he determined to secure it. A shot from his gun brought it down with a broken wing. It started for the water at once, but Hall dashed into the surf and caught it just in time.

"Is n't that a splendid fellow to set up in our collection?" asked Tom. "It 's a spoonbill, is n't it, Professor?"

"Yes," replied the Professor, "and a fine specimen, too. Its feathers, you see, are blood red, and its bill is spread out at the end, not unlike the

bowl of a spoon. Hence its name, the Roseate Spoonbill. The *Platalea*, or spoonbill, belongs to the same family as the heron, to which it is closely allied."

After a stroll, followed by a rest on the beach, the expedition took to the boat again, intending to make a circuit of the little island. As they pushed out, Eaton said, looking down through the clear water:

"Why, the bottom of the sea is as beautiful as a garden, is n't it?"

"Yes," replied the Professor, "just see it here, below us: the corals, fans, plumes, and sea-weeds are the plants; the Gulf Stream surges through their branches as wind plays through the trees on land; and as land-plants absorb the excess of carbonic-acid gas, these marine trees secrete the lime salts, rejecting the soluble salts of sodium and other substances that are not necessary for them. The land-plants purify the air so that we can breathe it, and the plant-gardens do a similar work in the ocean, purifying the sea-water, keeping down the excess of salts that would be unwholesome for the fishes and other animals."

"And how about the animal life, Professor?" inquired Ramsey.

"The likeness holds good," replied the Professor; "for there are many curious similarities. The seals, manatees, and whales are the cows of the sea; the sharks are the eagles; the crabs are the insects; the bird-of-paradise finds a worthy imitator in the fantastic angel-fish that may be seen among these very coral reefs. For every animal on land there is in the sea some creature which seems to fulfill the same office, though, of course, under changed conditions."

The conversation was here interrupted by the dinghy coming to a sudden stand-still. It had run into a great bunch of sea-weed.

"It's a regular young Sargasso Sea," said Woodbury, laughing. "We could almost use this as an anchor."

"That has been done with some species," said the Professor. "There is found near Tierra del Fuego a gigantic sea-weed called the *Macrocystis pyrifera*, which grows in water 240 feet deep, inclined at an angle of 45 degrees, and is so firmly rooted that vessels during smooth water are frequently made fast to it."

Here Tom Derby, who had been towing after him a mass of the weed, suddenly noticed that some spherical pieces of the weed had separated from the rest. Seizing one of them, he tossed it into the boat.

"Here's a marine base-ball," said he.

Professor Howard picked it up.

"This is a very interesting discovery, Derby,"

he announced. "Your marine base-ball is really the nest of a peculiar fish, about four inches long, that lives on the surface of the water in this Gulf-weed. The nest is made up, as you see, of pieces of sargassum, wound in and out, and matted together in a curious fashion, and then pressed into its spherical shape by bands of a glutinous secretion from the fish that look like strings of jelly."

When the nest had been opened, the eggs of the fish were found, fastened to the leaves in great numbers; and Tom, who still retained some of the loose pieces, was fortunate enough to find among them the odd fish itself.

"It is called the *Antennarius*," said the Professor; "and a more curious fellow could scarcely be imagined. You will notice that he mimics the color of the sea-weed."

"And see," said Vail, "these things that look like bits of the weed, on its head and fins, are really part of its flesh."

The Professor had placed Tom's prize in a pail of water. "They are slow swimmers, you see," he said, as the fish moved lazily about, "and prefer to lie undisturbed among the protecting branches of the sea-weed."

"I should like to see the baby-fish when they are hatched," said Raymond. "There must be a thousand of them."

"More than that," said the Professor. "Why, boys, if all the eggs of fishes were hatched, or if all the young grew up, there would not be water enough on the earth to float them. There is always another fish of some kind that preys upon each particular species, and they in turn are devoured by others. There must, therefore, be many born, if any are to survive. But, without this check to the increase, the fish would multiply with marvelous rapidity. Suppose, for instance, the eggs of the cod, which lays—by trustworthy calculations—over nine millions of eggs, should all be hatched and grow to maturity, the bodies of the cod alone would, before many years, seriously impede navigation."

The boys concluded that it was fortunate so many fish enjoyed a cod-fish diet.

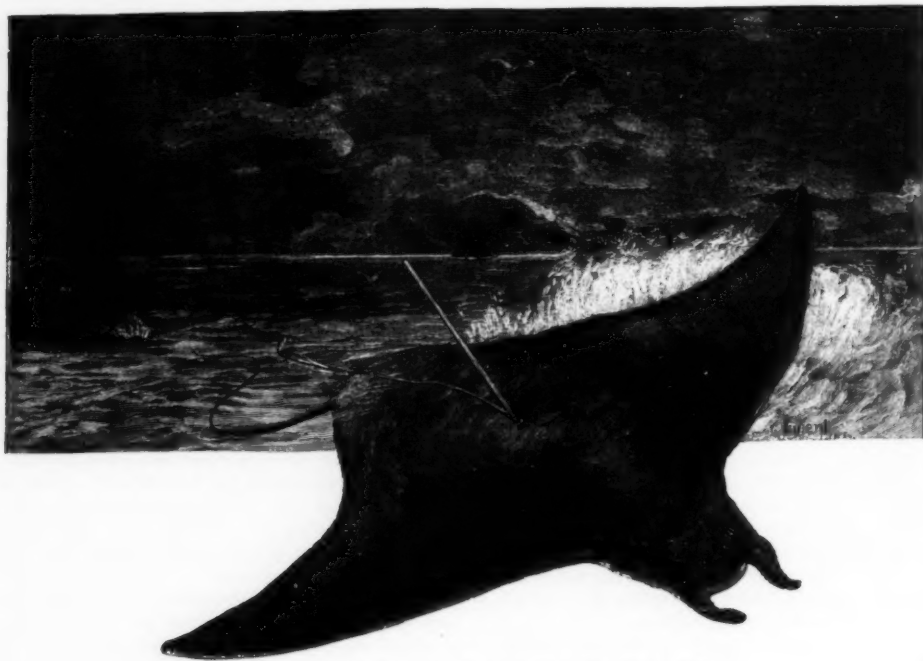
The boat had now nearly completed the round of the island when, on making a sudden turn, they came upon a number of white cranes and gannets. The cranes rose quickly, but the sportsman Tom, who usually had his gun ready, brought one down, very neatly, on the wing. The stupid gannets had not moved even yet, and Ramsey declared that they well deserved their name of "boobies." The boys pulled out and picked up the body of the crane. It was a beautiful white bird with a yellow patch on its breast.

"It is the *Ardea herodias*, or Great Heron," said the Professor. "This yellow spot on its breast is supposed to be capable of giving out a bright phosphorescence in the dark."

"Don't shoot," said Bob Carrington, as Tom took aim at the gannets, who were still regarding their strange visitors in stupid amazement. "Let me scare them." So taking a large piece of coral that he had picked up on the beach, he flung it toward the birds. The gannets rose slowly, as the coral splashed up the water, but, to the great

being full of air, the coral floats easily on the water."

"Hold on a minute," said Douglas, as the boat grated over some branch-coral, knocking off thousands of tips. The dinghy was stopped, and Douglas, leaning over the side, tore off a branch of coral. Hanging to it was a beautiful anemone. Douglas handed it, with a bow, to the Professor, and it was placed in a glass of water. Very soon the anemone threw out its beautiful tentacles like the petals of a flower.



"THE BOAT TORE ALONG THE CHANNEL AT A TERRIBLE RATE."

astonishment of the boys, Bob's piece of coral, instead of sinking, floated lightly on the water like a piece of wood.

"All stones don't sink, you see, Carrington," said the Professor, laughing to see Carrington's look of surprise. "That coral does n't mean to be left out of our collection; and seriously I think we had better keep that specimen," he added, and the floating coral was again picked up.

"But what is it,—and why is it,—Professor?" asked Hall.

"It is what might be called the skeleton of the coral called *Meandrina spongiosa*," explained the Professor; "and when the animals die, it becomes bleached. It is very porous, and the pores

"That is more like a flower than an animal, Professor," said Woodbury.

"Yes," replied Professor Howard, "and related to the corals. You can form a very good idea of the coral-animals from this anemone. They all belong to the class called *Actinozoa*. The body, as you see, is a cylinder, its top fringed with tentacles, while the base is a disk with which it adheres to the coral. The mouth is here, surrounded by tentacles, and directly below is the stomach, hanging in the body and held in place by six vertical partitions. Water in this animal seems to serve the purposes of blood."

"His blood is no 'thicker than water,' then?" said Douglas, with an air of sober inquiry.

The Professor smiled indulgently and resumed: "The tentacles, under the microscope, are seen to be covered with minute cavities, in each of which is coiled a delicate, hair-like javelin that is darted out on the slightest provocation. Now, if a small crab or shrimp bumps against these tentacles, myriads of these darts shoot out, striking and paralyzing the intruder, and the tentacles draw it down into the stomach of the anemone."

"Have they no eyes?" asked Tom.

"Yes," said the Professor, "they are here, at the base of the tentacles, but are too small to be seen in this little specimen. The anemone are produced from eggs, or by what is called budding. The latter process is extremely simple, the animal apparently tearing off bits of its disk as it moves along, each of which in a few days throws out tentacles and becomes a new anemone. I have manufactured them by hundreds, cutting off little pieces from the disk, each piece very accommodatingly turning into a young actinia."

"It would be a cheap business to go into—you all you need is one anemone to start it," said Douglas with a laugh.

"Hardly a profitable one, nevertheless," said the Professor.

The mast of the smack could now be seen beyond the beach. Paublo, who had been searching for turtle's eggs, hailed the dinghy, and soon after they were alongside. An awning was rigged over the stern and tempered the heat so that it was not too great for comfort. Toward evening a breeze sprang up, and as they had nothing to detain them longer, Professor Howard proposed that they run on, the wind being favorable, so as to reach Garden Key in the morning. The smack was accordingly got under way, and they were soon driving along toward Rebecca Shoals, leaving Marquesas far astern.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN the boys staggered up on deck about daybreak next morning, they found the Sallie spinning along at a brisk rate, a strange dinghy towing astern, and two men, evidently its owners, sitting on the weather rail of the smack. These, the boys soon learned, were "Long John" and Rob Rand, pilots and fishermen among the Keys, who had come aboard during the night, having been hired by the Professor to act as guides and assistants to the expedition, during its stay among the Tortugas. The morning was perfect. To the starboard and north, a large Key was seen apparently hanging in the water. This was East Key, while beyond it Middle and Sand Keys appeared like bits of silver against the blue of the Gulf. Dead ahead was Brush Key, beyond rose

the grim walls of a great fortress, while still farther away, seemingly from out a long line of mist, rose the tall tower of Loggerhead Light-house. All around the group and far to the south stretched a line of foam that seemed to indicate impassable reefs. Gradually the walls of the fortress came more plainly into view, the boys could distinguish the waves as they beat upon the coral shores and, running past Sand Key, the Sallie suddenly went about and headed up the narrow channel that led to the east of the fort.

At a word from Paublo, the boys manned the halyards and jib down-haul, Paublo luffed the smack and, as she came up, away went the anchor, the mainsail came rattling down, and the Sallie lay snugly moored under the frowning walls of Fort Jefferson on Garden Key.

Long John shoved off to bring the luggage-boat, and the Professor reported that he had made arrangements for the party to sleep on shore.

As Long John rowed away in his dinghy, the boys were surprised to see a pelican that had been quietly flying overhead suddenly circle down and alight on the boatman's head, flapping its great wings and uttering a queer asthmatic sound.

John pushed the bird away, and it then tried to alight on Bob Rand, but failing this, it settled down in the dinghy as if determined to have a ride anyway, whether welcomed or not.

"Well, that's the queerest thing I ever saw," said Tom Derby, as the boys looked laughingly on. "Are all the birds around here as tame as that, Paublo?"

"Not all, sir," replied Paublo. "That's one of John's pets. It follows him all over, just as a pet dog might; and when he's too lazy to fish, the old pelican will do it for him. They are a queer pair. Long John could tame anything. You must see his pets. He has some of the oddest kinds."

Bob Rand was soon sculling back a large flat-bottomed boat, into which the luggage was thrown, and after its return the boys eagerly scrambled in, and quickly reached the shore. The land outside the fort was only about an acre in extent, and contained several old buildings used as store-house, hospital, and laborers' quarters, while the fort was garrisoned during the busy war-days. All were now deserted except the large building. Here the two pilots lived, and it was to be the temporary home of the expedition. The boys were conducted into a large room upon the second story, the windows of which opened on a large piazza, overlooking the harbor. They speedily made themselves at home. Knapsacks were emptied, boxes unpacked, the alcohol was poured into numerous small cans, books and drawing implements, microscopes and

other apparatus were placed in order on a large table in an adjoining room, and the expedition was now, as Tom said, "ready for business."

The weather was delightful; the mellow moon-

fort, and near by an overhanging boat-house they found an aquarium of rock-coral some twenty feet square. Here Tom Derby and Bob Carrington lingered, while the other boys ran along the seawall that encircled the moat. Derby and Carrington were soon joined at the aquarium by Professor Howard and Long John. The latter had a piece of conch in his hand, and drawing a sheath-knife from his belt he proceeded to cut off little pieces of the meat and toss them to the motley crowd of fishes that scurried to the surface. The fish were so tame that they almost jumped out of the water in their efforts to reach their protector.

The fish were new to the boys, and most interesting, owing to the great variety of shapes and colors.

"Oh, is n't that an angel-fish?" cried Tom, as in and out among John's queer pets darted a fish of gorgeous colors. Slashes of blue, gold, brown, and white covered the body, while the long dorsal and ventral fins gave the marine dandy a most fantastic appearance, not unlike that of a gayly dressed harlequin.

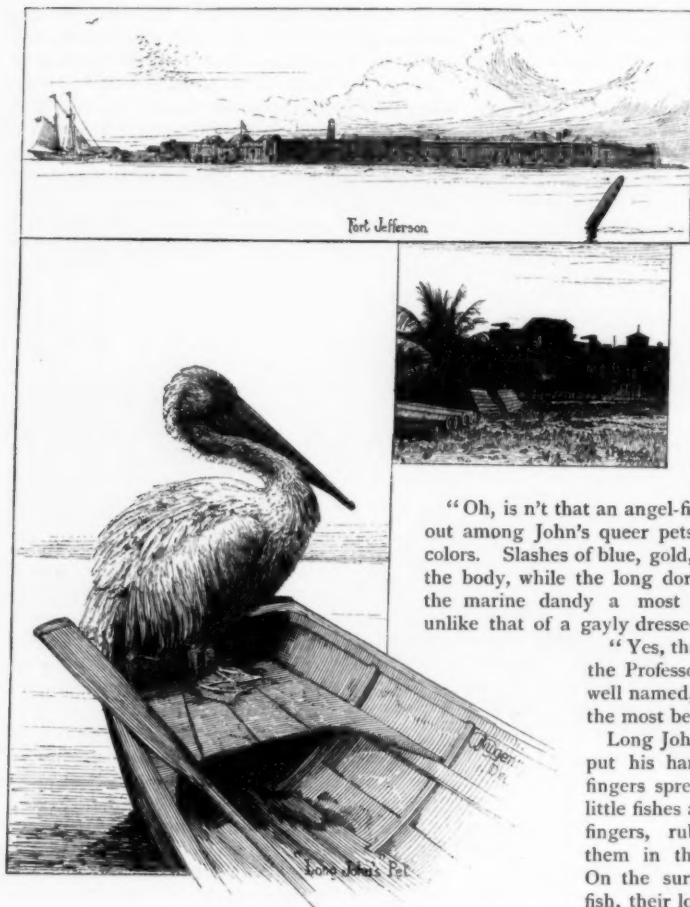
"Yes, that is an angel-fish," replied the Professor, "and the species are well named, too, I think, for they are the most beautiful of fishes."

Long John here stooped down and put his hands into the water, with fingers spread apart. Three or four little fishes at once swam between his fingers, rubbing their gills against them in the most friendly manner. On the surface floated several garfish, their long, delicate noses armed with sharp teeth; parrot-fish, with

real bills; cow-fish with horns; snappers, porgies, toad-fish, and numerous others, all crowding each other and fighting for the white bits of shell-fish tossed in to them by Long John.

"There's one fish that don't get anything," said Bob. "And see how he acts when the others come near. He acts just as if he was trying to hit them with his tail."

"That's exactly what he is doing," said Long John, "and every time. He does n't belong here, but he comes in every day. Just hand me that net and I'll show you what he does."



light streamed through the open window, and from the distant reef came the sullen roar of the surf, above which was heard occasionally the cry of a laughing gull.

Next day the great fort was thoroughly explored. The boys wandered through the groves of cocoapalms, bananas, and climbing-vines that gave Garden Key its name, paced the cedar avenue that led up to headquarters, and even played a game of base-ball on the pleasant parade-ground, turfed with Bermuda grass. Finally, their wanderings brought them opposite the entrance to the

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Tom handed the scoop-net, and Long John dexterously inserting it under the fish, landed him under the boys' eyes. He looked much like a common porgie, but when Long John, telling the boys to watch, touched the fish with his knife, to their surprise a sharp knife darted out of a sheath near the fish's tail, and was as suddenly sheathed again.

"Gracious, it's a regular knife, is n't it?" cried Bob, with wide open eyes.

"You'd think so, if you should feel it," said Long John. "Every fish that comes in range thinks so, too, for this wicked little chap gives 'em a slash, just as you saw him doing when he flung his tail round."

"It is called the *Acantharus chirurgus*, which may be translated doctor-fish," said the Professor, as he touched the fish again, and the ugly-looking knife was thrust forth.

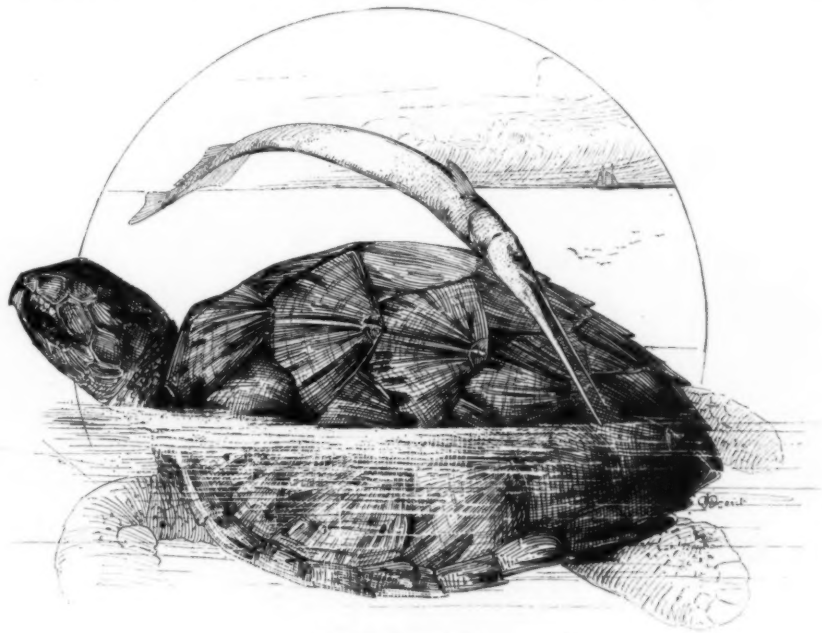
"I reckon if he knew he had such a handle as that to his name he'd be so mad he'd kill every

"Keep still," whispered Long John, with warning finger. "Keep quiet and you'll see a game of leap-frog."

And, sure enough, they did, but the "frogs" were a turtle and the fish. The hawk's-bill was floating with its back several inches out of water, when suddenly a gar-fish leaped completely over him. Another tried, half-turning in the air, three more followed suit,—one turning a complete somersault,—while still another, not quite so dexterous, failed in his act of lofty tumbling and landed plump on the turtle's back, startling him so that he dove out of sight.

"Well, I did n't know that fishes played games before," said Tom.

"They do though," replied Long John, "and as for these fellows, they give that poor turtle no peace. The minute he comes to the surface they begin their tricks, and if they can't jump over him, they find some floating stick or straw and



A GAME OF LEAP-FROG.

fish in the place," said Long John, with a chuckle, as he threw the vicious fellow back.

Other fish swam in mid-water—delicate jelly-fishes coming to the surface now and then with a graceful sweep of their waving tentacles, several small green-turtles, and here and there a good-sized hawk's-bill or tortoise-shell turtle, the kind furnishing the shell from which combs are made.

practice on that. Oh, fishes are much the same as you boys, I tell you,—full of fun and all kinds of nonsense."

The rest of the party now joined them, and Long John spent some time in exhibiting his pets, while the Professor drew their attention to the different kinds of coral which grew in the aquarium.

"John has given us the use of this house," he

said later, "and it is exactly the place for our studies. I shall have the books and instruments brought here where you can study at leisure the habits of your collections both theoretically and practically."

Paublo, who had spent the morning fitting out a boat for use on the reef, now came up to report that it was in readiness, and the whole party started for the middle wharf, where both the reef-boat and the dinghy awaited them. In the former had been placed two large cans containing alcohol for the reception of specimens. A number of long coral-hooks (iron instruments or tongs not unlike small oyster-claws) and eight or nine "grains"—

long poles ending in two-tined spear-heads, with barbed points—were arranged in the boats, and over the bows were hung several scoop-nets. A jug called a "monkey," used for carrying water, with the oars and a sprit-sail, completed the outfit of the reef-boat, while the dinghy carried the small seine and also provided room for the overflow of passengers.

Dinner was quickly over, and then, as Professor Howard called out, "All aboard for the reef!" a rush was made to the wharf, and in high spirits the young naturalists were speedily under way, pulling with rapid strokes across the deep blue water toward the outer reefs.

(To be continued.)

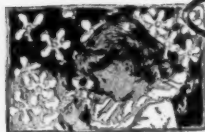


BY TUDOR JENKS.

WHEN Dorothy and I took tea, we sat upon the floor,
No matter how much tea I drank, she always gave me more;
Our table was the scarlet box in which her tea-set came,
Our guests, an armless, one-eyed doll, a wooden horse gone lame.

She poured out nothing, very fast,—the tea-pot tipped on high,—
And in the bowl found sugar lumps unseen by my dull eye.
She added rich (pretended) cream—it seemed a willful waste,
For though she overflowed the cup, it did not change the taste.
She asked, "Take milk?" or "Sugar?" and though I answered, "No,"
She put them in, and told me that I "*must* take it so!"
She'd say, "Another cup, Papa?" and I, "No, thank you, Ma'am,"
But then I *had* to take it—her courtesy was sham.
Still, being neither green, nor black, nor English-breakfast tea,
It did not give her guests the "nerves"—whatever those may be.
Though often I upset my cup, she only minded when
I would mistake the empty cups for those she'd filled again.
She tasted my cup gingerly, for fear I'd burn my tongue;
Indeed, she really hurt my pride—she made me feel so young.
I must have drank some two-score cups, and Dorothy sixteen,
Allowing only needful time to pour them, in between.
We stirred with massive pewter spoons, and sipped in courtly ease,
With all the ceremony of the stately Japanese.
At length she put the cups away. "Good-night, Papa," she said;
And I went to a real tea, and Dorothy to bed.





On The Farm.

BY FRANCIS RANDALL.

YOU see us here upon our farm,
My tall, straight wife and I.
We lead a very quiet life —
Which no one can deny.

Our pig was never known to grunt,
Nor yet our cow to moo;
Our sheep has never made a bleat.
We think it strange. Don't you?

There's one tree in our orchard; and
We can not tell the reason,
It never yet has borne us fruit —
It's *always* out of season.

Another matter troubles us,
And sorely hurts our pride: —
The man that made our pretty
house
Forgot to make *inside*.

To paint the house so gay was
kind.

But what a poor inventor,
To make it of a solid block
Impossible to enter!

And then our barn is quite absurd.
In height it's not as big
As is our cow; in length it's just
The length of our white pig.

But Jennie is our dearest friend;
She loves our pretty cattle,
And often talks to us for hours
In sweet and loving prattle.

If barn and house were rightly made —
They're not, oh, what a pity! —
We'd advertise, in summer-time,
For boarders from the city.



LAETITIA AND THE REDCOATS

BY LILLIAN L. PRICE.



DAME WRIGHT had just taken the last loaves from the oven, and was dusting off some ashes from the wooden bread-shovel before she replaced it in its corner. Clear spring

sunlight streamed into the kitchen, warming the stone floor to a deep brown color, and touching the mugs and platters on the dresser, till they fairly winked back its brightness. A robin outside was whistling gayly, and a long branch of lilac buds peeped in at the wide-swung upper door, as if desirous of finishing its career in the blue and gold pitcher which stood on the dresser, even before it had attained to bloom on its own native bush. A patter of flying feet sounded outside, and the lower door was flung hastily open, revealing a little figure in a long, blue cloak, the hood of which, fallen back, discovered a head of short-cropped, curly hair. Laetitia's eyes were dilated with surprise and terror, and before the astonished dame could comment on her disheveled appearance, she gasped out:

"Oh, Grandmother, the British are crossing the valley, and Master Paxton saith they will camp here at nightfall! He saith thou and Grandfather must hasten to depart at once. Thou shalt have two of his horses, and accompany him to the huts on the mountain side!"

"Neighbor Paxton is a kindly man. Calm thyself, Laetitia. When thou hast thy breath, run to the mill, child, and bid thy grandfather come. Alas! for these troublous times when the aged and children fly before the march of strong men!"

With a sad, anxious face, she began instant preparations, while Laetitia, hurriedly pulling her hood over her curls, sped down the path toward the

mill. She met her grandfather coming homeward. He was old, feeble, and bent, clad in homespun.

"Laetitia," he said, as she trotted along at his side, "vex not thy grandmother this day with foolish terrors, but lend thy help like the willing little handmaiden that thou art, and remember that all things come from the hand of the Lord."

Laetitia glanced up at his face.

"But will not the redcoats spoil the house of goods and furniture, perhaps burn thy dear home, Grandfather, and thou an old man without sons — and Grandmother, too, so old?"

"I know not, my daughter. So far, the Lord hath spared my gray hairs, though this war hath taken the five boys, my five brave lads!" His voice shook. "But thou must be brave, Laetitia. Thou art our one ewe lamb."

"I will, then, Grandfather. Not another tear will I shed."

They entered the yard, bright with violet-sprinkled grass, and found Dame Wright busily packing what she could into secret places, and piling up household treasures, for burial in the woods. Laetitia flitted hither and yon all day, her nimble little feet and clever head saving the old people much worry and fatigue. She was kneeling in a roomy closet upstairs, searching out her grandmother's camlet cloak, when her bright eyes fell on her grandfather's ink-horn and quill pen lying on some deep-blue paper. As she had gone about from room to room, up and down the old house, more and more the fear had grown upon her that it was for the last time. The thought of her grandparents homeless and desolate, of rough soldiers clanking about the house with devastating hands, filled the soft eyes with tears and caused her heart to throb. The ink and paper were a suggestion. She ran downstairs with the cloak, and finding that neither grandfather nor grandmother needed her at that instant, she returned to the closet and carefully prepared her writing materials.

The quill was new and the ink good. Slowly and thoughtfully the little fingers guided the goose-

feather along the faint lines, first across one sheet, and then across another. When the task was finished, Laetitia raised her flushed face and surveyed the result with satisfaction, and no small degree of hope shone in her eyes. It ran:

"TO THE REDCOATS: I am Laetitia Wright, aged fourteen, who live in this house with my grandparents. They are old and feeble folk, gentle and peaceful to friend and foe. I pray you, dear Redcoats, spare their home to them, and do not burn nor ruin our house. Perhaps thou hast a little maid like me in England, and old parents. Thou couldst not burn the roof from over their heads, and in such pity and mercy, spare ours! We leave thee much to eat, and would leave thee more, were our store larger. Signed,
"LAETITIA WRIGHT."

This was neatly written on both papers, and Laetitia, tucking them into her pocket, slipped off to her duties with a lighter heart. The last preparations were soon made, and they started to join the little cavalcade already in line, to travel up the side of Orange Mountain to the log huts built there, in readiness for such invasions as this.

"Alas, my geese!" exclaimed Laetitia, when with tearful eyes they had turned their backs on the low, white house. "My geese are still in the pen, Grandmother! Let me hasten back and turn them loose."

Permission was given her, and away she darted across the brook, on its rough foot-log, and to the goose-pen. There were her snow-white geese and the gray gander. They were Laetitia's particular pride and care, and knew her well, but, only stopping to stroke one smooth back, she opened the wicket and drove them, honking and hissing, into the woods. Then she pulled the papers from her pocket, and hastily slipping one below the kitchen door, she fastened the other on the front-door knocker, and, rejoining her grandparents, was

soon mounted behind her grandfather in the little procession which wound slowly up the rough mountain road to shelter and safety.

At sunset the British reached the village, and though but a small detachment proceeded to occupy every available building. The peaceful quiet and exquisite neatness of the Wright homestead were rudely invaded by coarse laughter, loud shouts, and the tramp of heavy boots and chink of spurs.

One of the officers soon found and read the note

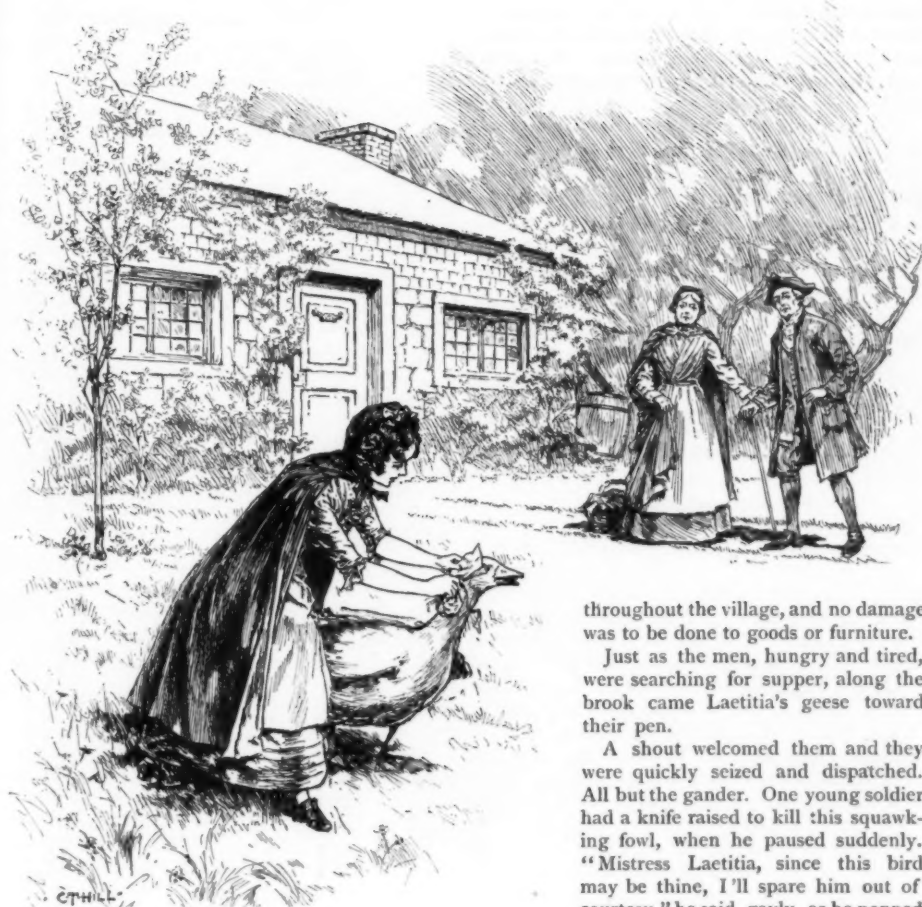


"ONE OF THE OFFICERS FOUND AND READ LAETITIA'S NOTE."

of Laetitia's which was under the knocker, while a soldier, a stalwart, good-natured fellow, spelled out the other in the kitchen. Colonel Ross looked long and contemplatively at the crude, childish characters, and his stern face softened.

"Thou 'rt a bold little lass and a leal one," he muttered under his breath. "Thou must take us

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"LAETITIA SPRANG FORWARD, AND, KNEELING DOWN, DETACHED A LITTLE BAG AND A SLIP OF PAPER."

for fiends to destroy thy home after this." He glanced at the humble cottage so bravely pleaded for, and then across to the mountains, where a faint spring twilight was falling and the young moon shone out pale and clear.

Insensibly his thoughts drifted to his own English home, where that same moon would light up his little Cicely's casement. His own little lass! There was a heart under that terrible red jacket.

Striding into the kitchen, he found a knot of men commenting on the other letter, and his orders soon went forth that no pillage except for necessary food and fodder was to be indulged in

throughout the village, and no damage was to be done to goods or furniture.

Just as the men, hungry and tired, were searching for supper, along the brook came Laetitia's geese toward their pen.

A shout welcomed them and they were quickly seized and dispatched. All but the gander. One young soldier had a knife raised to kill this squawking fowl, when he paused suddenly. "Mistress Laetitia, since this bird may be thine, I'll spare him out of courtesy," he said, gayly, as he popped the old gander into the open pen. "He will make thee a good roast, ere thou hast the wherewithal to re-fill thy empty larder." So the solitary gander escaped with his life.

Next night, at sunset, the bugles blew the marching-signal, and the sound echoed and re-echoed up the silent valley, penetrating to the little huts in the forest, where there was anxious watching for the red light of burning homes, and smoke of destroyed crops. But the night fell and waned, and not a glimmer shone to indicate such calamity to the fugitives. Early next morning the little band returned to the village. Instead of wailing and tears, shouts of joy and thanksgiving arose from every house. Dirt and disorder reigned supreme,

but not one broken chair nor mutilated dish told of wanton recklessness. In a day or two all could be restored, except for the depopulated poultry roosts, and several pigs which were missing. The sown fields were not trampled, and the door-yard flowers still budded unharmed.

Laetitia's little heart beat with thankfulness, but she kept quite silent. As they dismounted before their own door she saw the disconsolate gander solemnly perambulating the green, like some self-imposed guardian. "Alas, for the rest of the flock!" cried Dame Wright. "But what has the fowl on its neck? Such a burden I never saw on gander before."

Laetitia sprang forward, and, kneeling down, detached a little bag and a slip of paper. The bag chinked with coin, and a dimpled smile broke over her hitherto anxious little face as she read the slip.

"Listen, Grandmother, and dear Grandfather!" she cried, gleefully. Evidently the gay soldier had written it.

"Sweet Mistress Wright,
We bid you good-night,
'Tis time for us soldiers to wander.

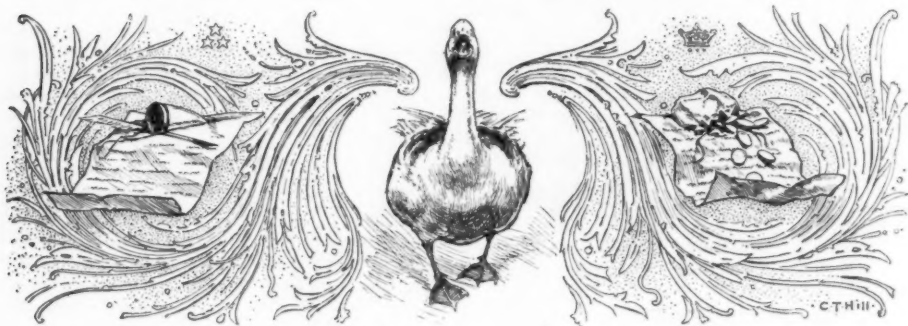
We 've paid for your geese,
A penny apiece,
And left the change with the gander.

"Though redcoats we be,
You plainly will see,
We know how to grant a petition.
With rough soldier care,
We 've endeavored to spare
Your homes in a decent condition."

It was signed by the colonel and by a number of the soldiers. Then, in reply to her grandparents' astonished questions, she shyly told them about her petitions, and the daring with which she had left them at the doors.

Fervent were the blessings called down on her pretty, curly head when the news was spread abroad, but she only laughed merrily and escaped them when she could.

"It is as thou saidst, Grandfather," she declared, as she tossed some corn to the bereft gander. "The Lord's hand stayed that of the enemy, and perhaps," stopping to pick a violet while a sweet look came into her face, "the redcoats have hearts like ours." "Ay, and obedient daughters to touch them to good deeds," said Dame Wright, as she lovingly kissed Laetitia's upturned face.



LOVE.

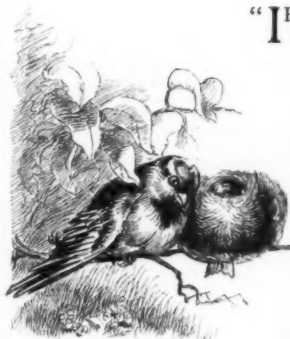
BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

"SHALL I give your love to your mother?"
He said to the maid of three,
For her mother had gone to a country
Where presently he should be.

What calm in the eyes of azure,
What snow on the innocent brow,
How sweet was that voice of slow music,—
"My mother has my love now!"

NOT A FAIR GAME.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.



IF you little fellows are not careful you will be caught some day."

This is what an old bird said as he sat on the fence, one morning in June. The "little fellows" listened a moment and then they rushed off to their play in the fields. The sky was clear and

blue, and they could see any dangerous creature that might appear, while it was yet a long way off. They would have plenty of time to scurry away, to get home before it could catch them, or, at least, to hide deep in the bushes till it had gone.

"It's a queer world!" said one very small chap. "What with telegraph wires hung up in the most unexpected places, and the railroad with all the noise and smoke, and those terrible hawks, it does seem as if we could not have a minute's peace. It's 'look out there,' or 'run away from this,' or 'fly away from that,' all the time."

"Oh! I'm not afraid," said one youngster. "I did run into a telegraph wire the first day it was put up, but now I dodge them all."

"I never can abide the trains," said a small Miss, in speckled gray. "I know they do no harm, but they frighten me just the same, and I always fly away."

"I can stand nearly everything but the hawks," said one of the older ones in the party.

They all agreed nobody could abide hawks. If it were not for the fact that they could run and hide when the hawks appeared, life would not be worth living.

High in the air, wheeling slowly round and round in great circles, was a hawk looking sharply down on the country, spread out like a map beneath him. He could see the fields, the woods, the brooks and ponds, the roads, and the railway. There were chickens down in the farm-

yards. He must move slowly and cautiously so as not to attract attention and alarm the cock and hens. If he was careful, perhaps he could have spring chicken for breakfast. Suddenly he dropped, like a stone, out of the sky right into a farm-yard. Ah! They saw him and ran, and —oh!— there was a man with a gun! The hawk turned and darted into the air, while a shower of shot whistled after him.

How vexatious! No chicken this time. The sun was now more than an hour high and he had eaten nothing since the afternoon before, when he had caught a sparrow in a wheat-field. He circled round and round, keeping a sharp lookout for a breakfast. Ah! here was just the thing,—a whole flock of little birds holding a meeting in a field next to the railroad.

He steered off to one side and then made a bold dart right in among them. Away they flew in every direction and in a moment were jeering at him from the bushes. He sprang up into the air and sailed round and round, very hungry and in a discontented frame of mind.

The meeting of the little fellows resumed its session, and one small speaker made a brave speech about not caring for anything. He could get out of the way at any time. He was not the one to be afraid of—

Just then a train rushed by on the railroad and the meeting adjourned in a hurry. The speaker tumbled from the fence-rail and the audience scampered off quite demoralized by fright.

"Ha! ha!" remarked the hawk. "That gives me an idea! I'll have regular breakfasts after this."

He looked up and down the railroad for miles in each direction and saw a train coming. He flew that way and soon met it tearing along with a great uproar and much smoke. It was a trifle alarming at first, but he bravely followed it and found he could easily keep up with the cars, though the smoke made his eyes smart. He flew close behind the last car, right in the smoke and dust where he could not be seen. As the train rushed along, he could see the small birds scattering away on each side, frightened out of their wits by the noise and smoke.

Swoop! The train rushed on and sly Mr. Hawk

clapped his claws on a sparrow and then flew leisurely away to enjoy his breakfast.

Every one within a mile was on hand at the great indignation meeting at Cranberry Hollow. Blue and gray and black and red breasts—in fact, every little thing *on wings* in that part of the country.

It was dreadful! Perfectly shameful. The hawks had devised a horrible, a wicked trick. They flew behind railroad trains, and when the little birds were half frightened out of their wits and tried to run away in confusion, the hawks darted out from behind the cars and, pouncing upon the poor innocents, actually ate them up! Such a state of affairs could not be tolerated. It was monstrous, tyrannical, and very wicked on the part of the hawks. Resolutions declaring the practice an unfair one, and calling for its suppression, must be drawn up and sent by mail to all the railroad men, and copies must be presented to the hawks.

Just then a venerable tomtit rose in the meeting and remarked in a severe manner that, for his part, he thought they had just cause for indignation. The resolutions were highly proper and should be signed by all, but—reminding his hearers of the well-known fable of the rats, the bell, and the cat—he would like to ask who was to deliver the paper to the hawks.

A solemn hush fell on the assembled congress. Not a peep was raised. It was so still you could have heard a pin-feather drop.

Suddenly there was rush, a roar, and a blinding cloud of smoke. The committee had incautiously called the meeting too close to the railroad, and the assembly suddenly broke up in the wildest disorder and confusion.

Two minutes later a savage hawk with cruel claws was seated on the fence enjoying a breakfast and waiting for the next train, that he might repeat his wicked tricks.

Such is bird life!



A MATTER OF TASTE.

BY ESTHER B. TIFFANY.

SAYS the peacock to the rabbit,
 "Who's your tailor? tell me, pray;
 For, good sir, he's cut your coat-tail
 In a most old-fashioned way.
 Look at me,
 Would you see
 What a stylish tail should be!"

SAYS the rabbit to the peacock,
 "Who's your barber? tell me, pray;
 For his shears have shorn your ears, sir,
 In a most old-fashioned way.
 Look at me,
 Would you see
 What a stylish ear should be!"

A NARROW ESCAPE.

A TRUE INCIDENT.



BY MYRA GOODWIN PLANTZ.

"Boys, be careful with your guns," called Mrs. Brown from the door where she stood watching them out of sight.

"All right, Mother," they replied, laughing at her fears.

"If I can't be trusted with a gun now I'm fourteen, I'd better sell out," remarked Tom.

"Well, if I'm only going on twelve, I'm as good a shot," answered Harry.

"Oh, you can shoot a chicken after it has gone to roost. I wish the Indians had left us something worth shooting," said Tom, as they climbed the hill behind their home. Here they paused, enjoying the wonderful picture before them, without realizing what gave them the pleasure of the moment. In the distance the deep blue waters of Lake Superior flashed in the sunshine.

The broad, snow-covered belt of ice that skirted the water, was cleared here and there for skating, and a few children were enjoying this sport. Nowhere do children have more fun than in the Lake Superior country, for, in spite of the thermometer's getting so low-spirited, the children almost live out-of-doors, skating, coasting, or rolling down hill into snow-banks, as country children like to do in the hay.

This village was like all mining towns. A church, school-house, and a number of small red houses

owned by the company and leased to the miners, clustered around the shaft through which the ore was brought from the mine.

Here and there a more pretentious house marked the home of a "boss" or mining-captain. Back from the lake, rugged hills were broken by winding ravines. These hills were full of valuable minerals and beds of rock, and covered with heavy forests. In the distance the pine-trees, over a hundred feet high, looked like tall sentinels, and the maples and birches, like children just reaching to their knees. The dark green, peeping through the snow-laden branches, was a grateful break in the dazzling whiteness everywhere.

"I'd like it better, if a deer were over there, and a flock of partridges or a nest of rabbits right here," remarked Harry, as they left the village and pressed into the woods. The boys had on Indian snowshoes,—long frames of hickory wood strung with deer-sinews,—so they were able to walk on top of the snow without sinking through. In many places it would have been over their heads if they had sunk to the earth. Soon the ringing blows of the axe told them a lumber camp was near. The boys passed the long, low little hut where the choppers camped. Farther on they saw the men, dressed in striped red-flannel suits, and with flannel "chucks" on their heads.

"You've come to the wrong place for game," shouted one of the lumbermen.

"Bears have all gone to bed," laughed another.

"We're going to wake them up," replied Harry.

"They'll eat up such a little fellow as you be," was answered back.

"Come, let's go the other way. Of course, they would frighten off everything near here. Hal, you are so slight! If you'd only grow out as well as up," said Tom, turning away from the men in disgust. "I wish I'd brought a stronger boy."

"That would n't have made deer and partridges

one under that pile, there." Still Tom did not venture very near the pile of brush.

"Oh, Tom, see here!—I choose this," cried Harry, who was a little in advance.

It was as pretty a baby-bear as one might wish to see. The cub seemed glad to see the boys, and gambled around like a dog.

"We'll take him home and make a pet of him," said Tom.

"Mother would rather see a string of fat birds, or a deer," said Harry; "but for us, this is the best find we could have."



"HARRY CROPT UP BESIDE THE BEAR, AND FIRED."

come out," replied Harry, too good-natured to resent Tom's unkind remarks.

They wandered aimlessly about for some time, leaving land-marks, or rather, *snow*-marks, so they could not lose their way.

"I think a bear has set up winter-quarters in that hollow tree," said Tom, at last.

"Well, go and stir him up," suggested Harry.

"Oh, we'll go farther on. Bears are more likely to dig a hole in the ground, or to make a house of brush. I should not wonder if there was

It was not so easy to get young Bruin away as they had supposed it would be. They found belts and strings on their clothing and in their pockets, but they had to give the little fellow some liberty or he would have broken away. At last they concluded to carry him; but he struggled so they did not get on very fast.

"Oh, Hal!" Tom suddenly screamed, dropping the cub, "there's the mother!"

Sure enough, Mamma Bear had missed her baby from her warm winter nest and was coming after

him in a great rage. Tom raised his gun and fired. The ball entered the bear's shoulder, wounding her slightly. Furious with pain, she sprang upon Tom and began tearing at him with her claws and trying to crush him against her shaggy bosom.

Little Harry stood for an instant paralyzed with fear. He knew that if he should fire, he was as likely to kill his brother as to kill the bear. Yet, Tom's only hope was in what the little brother could do.

Harry crept up beside the bear, and fired. The next instant the bear and Tom were lying in the snow, which was deeply stained with blood.

"Oh, Tommy!" cried Harry, "are you dead?"

"No; but roll the bear off or I'll smother," came from Tom's white lips. Harry touched the bear cautiously, but she made no resistance; the ball had entered her brain and killed her instantly. Tom tried to give his little brother a good hug to show his joy at being alive, but he found his arms were so wounded in places that he was in great pain, and feared that his shoulder was broken, also.

"Don't cry, after you've been such a man," he said, for Harry was sobbing aloud over his brother's wounds.

"The cub shall be yours, 'cause you got so hurt in getting him," said Harry, wiping his eyes.

"No, he's yours, 'cause you kept me from being killed altogether. I won't fling your being slim, at you any more, for you can shoot as well as the strongest kind of man!"

This praise made Harry feel equal to anything, even to dragging away the unwilling cub. The little fellow sniffed around his mother, whining piteously. But Harry was a strong boy in spite of his slender build, and Tom gave what help he could in his enfeebled condition. Little Bruin was as "hungry as a bear," so the lunch in Tom's bag was a great help in bringing him along.

When they reached the camp they found the men at dinner. The "boss" ordered one of them to take the boys home on a wood-sled. But the boys insisted on taking their fallen game with them; so while Tom's wounds were bound up, after a fashion, and both boys were being well fed, some of the men went after the old bear.

Mrs. Brown's liking for hunting was not increased when the sled stopped before her door, with a dead bear, a live bear, and a wounded boy.

Tom bore the doctor's stitches and his confinement so well, however, that she at last gave her consent to have the cub kept for a playmate. The old bear's skin was sent to Marquette to be sold, and the boys treated all their friends to bear's meat.

"Brownny" has become a great pet. Even the boys' mother can not but admit that he is full of amusing tricks.

I believe there is a bright future for our bold young hunters. In time they will be brave and good men. But Brownny acts more and more like a bear every day, and soon he will be altogether too big to be considered a pet.



Fishing in the Seine.



with

Portraits of the KING

and others.

1599.



SING a song of angle-worms, pocket full of rain,
Four-and-twenty fishermen a-fishing in the Seine:
If the Seine had any fish, and they began to bite,
Would n't all those fishermen be in a pretty fright!

I asked an ancient apple-man, who sat behind his stand,
How long thought he it needs must be before some fish they'd land.

"Good sir," replied the ancient man, and wiped a tear away,
"Belike in half-a-hundred year, if you have time to stay!"



Just then the strangest thing occurred that ever heart could wish,
The fattest of the fishermen declared he felt a fish!
And many scoffed thereat, but he continued to be firm
In stating that a goodly fish did nibble at the worm.

"If he speaks sooth," the people cried, in one united breath,
"The King and all his Councilors should be here at the death!"
They bade the crier ring his bell, the fisher stay his hand;
"A prize to him who 'll guess aright what kind of fish he 'll land!"

Quoth one (the corner one), "A carp!" Another cried, in dudgeon
(Their portraits you will see below), "I say 't will be a gudgeon!"
The third declared 't would be a sole, unless all signs did fail;
And one (that rather bumptious boy) felt sure 't would be a whale.





The ancient apple-man alone had no fair word to say,
But wagged his head full solemnly, in sixteenth-century way.
"I've vended apples hereabout for five-and-fifty year,
And never have I seen a fish in all their fishing here!"

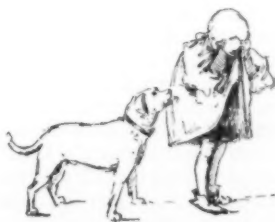
Meanwhile, the King, his crown awry, came puffing in hot haste,
And all the Councilors, their coats unbuttoned at the waist:
The crier gave the signal, and the bugler loudly blew,
And then the fattest fisherman hauled in a—worn-out shoe!

Thereat the people waxed full wroth, and many cried, "For shame!"
But when they stopped to think, they saw that no one was to blame.
As for the prize, that king so wise decided, on the whole,
To give a *part* of it to him who guessed 't would be a sole.

For he was *partly* right, at least; the rest were wholly wrong.
An act of justice that so pleased that sixteenth-century throng,
That, save the apple-man, they all threw up their caps for joy,
And no one wept a tear, except the rather bumptious boy.

Now, that you may believe my tale, I put here in the book,
The pictures that I drew of all, exactly as they look:
The fattest fisherman, perhaps, should be a *trifle* fatter,
And then the king—you know these kings!—the king I *had* to flatter.

Adeline Valentine Pond.



HOW MATTIE WENT TO A MEETING, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY MARY E. HAWKINS.

I. THE MEETING.

MATTIE lived with her grandmother in a small village. She had no mother, her father was far away, and the little girl and Grandma had only the "hired help" for company.

One afternoon Mattie was in the garden with a box, trying to catch a bee. She thought she would shut a bee in the box and keep it till it filled the box with honey. The bee stung her, and she ran crying into the kitchen to Susan. Susan put some flour on Mattie's wrist and told her to "leave the bees alone"; but Susan did not kiss the aching wrist, as Grandma would have done, and Mattie went back into the garden, with her wrist smarting and much discouraged. She picked some flowers, and wondered where flowers kept their "smelling," and whether she could n't get enough of it to fill the box. She pulled several flowers to pieces, and, when she could not find their perfume, threw the fragments away; a discontented look was on her face, and the box soon lay on the ground, without much prospect of being filled with anything.

Soon the ringing of a bell turned her thoughts in a new direction. She wondered what made the meeting-house bell ring. It was n't Sunday. She knew, because Grandma had gone to the store, and Susan was working.

While wondering about this, she remembered Grandma had once called the meeting-house the "Lord's house," and the words came to her full of meaning. Did the Lord live at the meeting-house? Was it his house?

Mattie knew little of churches and meetings. Grandma did n't often attend church, for the only church in this little village was one she did n't "belong to," and, besides, poor Grandma was so deaf she could n't hear preaching very well. Still, Mattie had been to this church a few times with Grandma. All she saw when there was "folks" and the minister. Perhaps the Lord was n't there, those days. Was he there to-day? She clasped her hands in excitement. Oh, how much she would like to see the Lord, and send her love to Mamma in heaven! Could there be any harm in a little girl's going to the meeting-house and rapping on the door?

Mattie went into the house very thoughtful. She tried to take off her soiled apron, but her short arms could not reach the top button, and, somehow, she did not like to go to Susan. She pulled at the button until she set her wrist to smarting afresh, and then she gave it up. "P'raps the Lord will scuse me if my apron *is* not quite clean," she whispered to herself. "He knows I could n't unbutton it, 'cause he knows every single, single thing. Grandma said so. 'Sides, I can hold my hand right over the dirty spots."

She put on her best hat, took her parasol, and started out.

The village was so little that Mattie had no trouble in finding the way to the meeting-house. Her heart beat fast as she climbed the steps and rapped a small rap on the half-opened door. No one heeded her summons, and after a while she pushed open the door and went in.

There was a meeting going on. Some men sat on the front seats, and the minister was in the pulpit. The minister saw a little girl come in, and, after eagerly looking around, walk softly up the aisle and turn into a pew.

Mattie was quiet in the pew a very little while; then she took off her hat, laid it with her parasol on the cushion, and turned her attention to the meeting.

It seemed to her a strange one. For there were no women in the meeting, and the "folks" were preaching as well as the minister, and they all preached sitting down on the seats. The minister was sitting, and held his hands locked together on a little table. His hair was gray, like Grandma's, and his hands looked white and full of big bones. When he preached, he preached only a few words at a time, and Mattie thought his mouth looked very sorry when he got through.

And the "little pitcher" with "long ears," hidden in the pew, listened to the preaching with all its might. But it did n't make out much till an old gentleman, who had on a checked shirt and wore no coat, spoke up:

"Yes, yes, brethren, what you say is very true. But, for all that, we should remember that a minister's children must have bread to eat and shoes to wear."

Mattie drew her breath hard. Had the minister's children no bread to eat nor shoes to wear? Was that why his mouth looked so sorry? Her heart was filled with pity, and her nervous fingers tugged at the buttons on her slipper. She pulled off a slipper, and without stopping to think that the minister's children might have more than one foot apiece, she hurried into the aisle, and the first thing that the minister and the "folks" knew, there was a little girl in one stocking-foot flashing round the altar railing, holding out a little black slipper.

Then there was laughing and exclaiming, to Mattie's great confusion, till the minister unclasped his hands and took the little girl, slipper and all, and set her on his knee. He put his hand on her head, and the touch quieted her excitement.

The minister drew the slipper from Mattie's hand, put it on her foot, and carefully buttoned it. Then he looked up with a little smile and said, "Well, brethren, perhaps it is better to go on with the meeting."

But the meeting did not last much longer, and soon he put Mattie down, and rose to shake hands with the "folks" before they went away. The old gentleman in checked shirt-sleeves stroked Mattie's arm and told her she had a heart "as big as a barn-door," and some of the others said like things to her.

After the "folks" had gone, the minister put his hands behind him and walked back and forth in front of the little table. At last he glanced up and saw that Mattie had not gone, but was watching him anxiously.

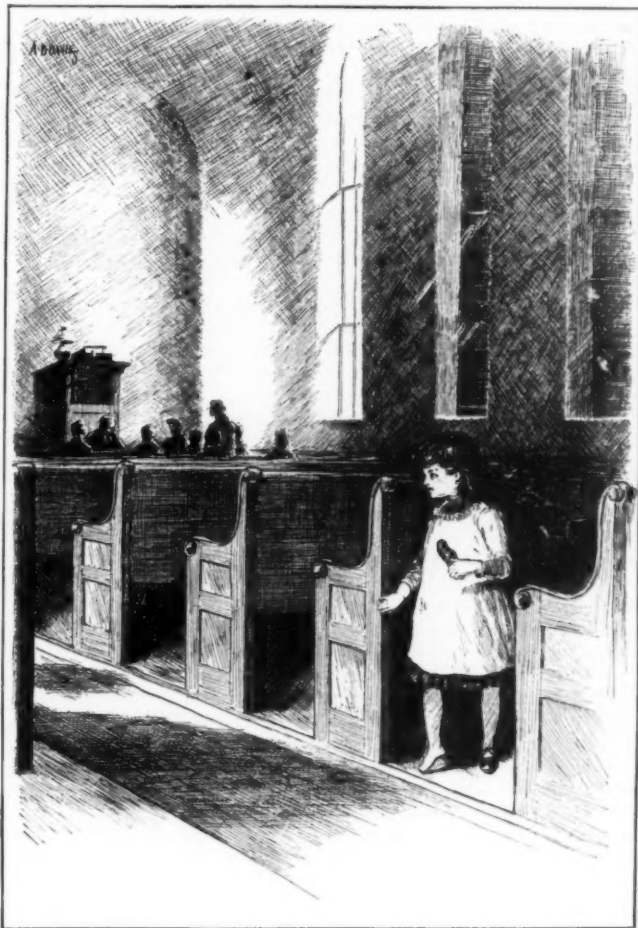
"I had a little boy, once, just as small as you," he said, smiling, and stopping to look at her, "but he is a great big boy now."

"Has n't he any shoes to wear?" asked Mattie.

"Shoes? Oh, I guess so. But, if he had n't, he could n't wear yours. Besides, he wears boots."

Then the minister resumed his walk, and as he walked he talked:

"If I could only help him until he's through college! But I can't. If they cut down my salary, how can I? Poor boy! He works hard and learns quickly. He is very ambitious. He'll be so discouraged and disappointed, poor boy!"



"SHE PULLED OFF A SLIPPER AND HURRIED INTO THE AISLE."

"You see, little girl," said the minister, again pausing, "my boy is at college — that's a school, you know. But it costs money to study there. And these men — you heard them talking about it, did n't you? — are going to take away one hundred dollars from what they pay me a year for preaching."

Mattie put her hand into her pocket, when the

minister walked again, as though she expected to find a hundred dollars there. She did not find it, and she took out her hand and spoke up sharply:

"I think those mens are naughty mens!"

"Oh, no, they are not," said the minister, earnestly, as if Mattie's opinion were of the greatest importance. "You must n't say that. Times are hard—very hard. Butter is down—the farmers can't make anything. It's really very hard times. The brethren are not to blame."

Then the minister sat down in the chair and looked hard at Mattie, with an expression of inquiry, just as if he had not seen her before.

"How did you happen to come to official meeting?"

"I did n't come to 'ficial meeting," said Mattie.

"I did n't know it went. I only just comed."

"Why did you come to the meeting-house?"

"I wanted to see the Lord," Mattie whispered, very solemnly. "Is he here?"

The minister looked around the church quickly.

"Oh! I hope so. I really hope so. I should be sorry to think he had n't been present at the meeting." Then he looked back to Mattie. "But, my dear little girl, you did n't expect to see the Lord with your eyes, did you? Just as you see me now?"

Mattie nodded brightly.

"How mistaken you were! The Lord is here,—he knows what we are saying to each other. But we can't see him with the eyes we have now. When we get to heaven we hope to see him as he is."

"Why did you wish to see the Lord?" asked the minister, after a pause.

"I was only just but going to pray, and to send my love to my mamma up in heaven," said Mattie.

"Oh! your mother is in heaven? Who takes care of you then, dear?"

"My grandma."

"Do you pray at home?" asked the minister. "Does anybody teach you that?"

"My grandma teached me," said Mattie.

"That is right. But the church is a good place to pray in,—a beautiful place. People come here to pray. Do you see this cushion in front of the railing?" and the minister rose and pointed down to it.

"A good many people have kneeled there to pray," he said, as Mattie looked. "See how ragged the cushion is—that is where their knees have been. If you like, you can go round and kneel down there too, and pray to the Lord. I feel sure he will hear you, for he loves children."

Somehow, Mattie was not bashful before this minister with the "sorry" mouth, though she was usually timid before strangers. She went around and, picking out a particularly worn and dented

spot, kneeled on the cushion. Her dark little head was quiet against the railing a moment—then it came up quickly.

"I will pray about your little boy if you wish me to."

"Do, dear child," said the minister.

"Oh, Lord! give the minister a hundred dollars so he can give it to his little boy," said Mattie, in a low voice.

"Amen," said the minister, soberly. "But we will say, 'Thy will be done,' won't we?" he added. "Say it, my child. Your prayer won't be right without it. 'Thy will be done.'"

"Thy will be done," Mattie repeated, and then rose quickly.

The minister took his hat. "Now, my little sister, I think perhaps we should go."

Mattie looked at him with wondering eyes. Never before had she been called "My little sister."

"I call you that because we both are Christians," he said, smiling; "and because in the church we often call one another 'brother' or 'sister.'"

Mattie was content. She took her hat and parasol from the pew and stood by the minister while he locked the church door.

"Now you must tell me where you live," he said, as he took her hand in his.

As they were walking along, Mattie noticed the spot on her apron which she had intended to keep covered with her hand. She had forgotten it. She was much mortified.

"I hope you will scuse my apron," she said, primly.

The minister looked down at her apron. "It is rather untidy. But I know a worse thing than an unclean apron. Do you know what it is?"

"I guess it's a dirty dress," said Mattie.

"Oh, no. It's an unkind heart. Do you know what the heart is?"

"Oh, yes, I know. It keeps a-going, and a-going, and won't never hold still."

"Well, if we think wrong thoughts or have bad feelings in these hearts, they get so the Lord can not live in them. He lives in good, clean hearts. My little girl, do you want your heart like a little church, with the Lord staying in it, so that you need not go a step away from yourself to find him?"

"Oh! I would like to," said Mattie, her imagination all astir.

"Then be a good child. You can't know much yet, but you can be a little Christian, nevertheless."

Grandma and Susan had but just found out that Mattie was not in the garden, when they saw her coming home with the minister. Grandma was surprised and somewhat "flustered," but she in-

vited the minister into the parlor, and got her ear-trumpet so that she could talk with him. And Mattie looked and listened rather anxiously, for it had just occurred to her that she had run away.

II. WHAT CAME OF IT.

THIS is the way Mattie wrote to her papa: First, Grandma wrote *about* Mattie. Then Mattie sat on the table and talked into Grandma's ear-trumpet and Grandma wrote what she said. Papa



"HER DARK LITTLE HEAD WAS QUIET AGAINST THE RAILING FOR A MOMENT."

was particular that Mattie's part of the letter should be "out of her own head."

This is Mattie's part of a letter:

"DEAR PAPA: Grandma says it is time enough to write again, so I am sitting on the table sending you a letter.

"I s'pose Grandma has wrote about me and if I was naughty. I was pretty naughty running away to the meeting-house.

"Papa—are n't you very glad?—I'm not never going to be naughty again!

"The reason I went to the meeting-house was 'cause I wanted to pray the Lord and send my love to my dear Mamma. The Lord was there, only I could n't see him 'cause my eyes was different. The minister said so.

But the minister told me things. He said if I was good my heart would be just like a little meeting-house. That is why I'm not going to be naughty. I s'pose when I get *awful* good, my heart will tick like a little bell ringing, Sunday. Grandma said the minister did n't mean a really, truly meeting-house, but our thoughts and thinkings are the little folks that go and sit down in our hearts, and stand up and sing.

"I think hearts are very funny. They *do* things so. I wish any one was little enough to go in where their hearts be.

"And so, the minister came right home with me and took hold of my hand, and I carried my little pink parasol.

"The minister's little boy is pretty big. But he can't never go to college-school any more, 'cause the folks in the meeting-house was preaching about not giving the minister a hundred dollars to give to his little boy, so he could go some more. Don't you think they are pretty naughty? But the minister said they was n't.

"But I 'most forgot to tell the rest about the meeting. So I sat in the minister's lap till it was out. And then he talked to me and said things. And then he came right home with me (and that was when he said about my heart and a meeting-house). And so, I came home. And so, I can't think of any more 'cause my throat is tired, and my dear Grandma's arm, that she holds her ear-trumpet with, is pretty tired, too. So I send seven bushels of my love to my dear Papa.

MARTHA ALICE BRANT."

In a few days an answer came. When Grandma

opened the envelope she found inside another letter, sealed and directed to the minister in the father's handwriting.

Here is what was at the end of Papa's letter to Mattie:

"I think you are old enough to begin to form church-going habits, to go to Sunday-school and learn little verses and catechisms. If dear Grandma can't take you, Susan must, till Grandma thinks you might go alone.

"You see, I have written a letter to the minister. Ask Grandma to please dress you neatly, and let Susan take you to call on him. Hand him the letter and say it is one your Papa sent in yours. If he does not read it to you, I will tell you what is in it when I write again. Of course you are not to ask him to read it, for that would

be impolite. Good-bye, my little girl. Don't forget Papa in your prayers, for he never forgets you in his.

J. S. BRANT."

The next day Mattie went to call on the minister. Susan held her hand in a tight grasp, and Mattie felt very solemn and important with the letter to the minister in the pocket of her stiff little white dress.

When they reached the house, Susan rang the bell, and the lady with whom the minister boarded came to the door. For the minister had no family except his boy who was away at school, and it was only a figure of speech which the old gentleman in the checked shirt-sleeves had used, when he spoke of the minister's children. Mattie knew nothing about figures of speech, and she was disappointed that she did not see the barefoot children playing about.

Susan told the lady that "this little girl" had an errand to the minister, and the lady led them to his study. The minister opened the door, his mouth looking as sorry as it had looked that other day, and his hands looking paler and bigger, coming out of the short, wrinkled sleeves of his study coat.

When they were seated in the study, Susan motioned to Mattie to begin. But Mattie did n't know how.

"It's a fine day," said the minister, as if willing to help them.

"Yes, sir; it is," said Susan. "But I ain't the one. It's this girl," and she pushed her chair closer to Mattie, and gave her a nudge with her elbow. "She's got the errand."

"Oh!" said the minister, his eyes resting upon Mattie till a very small smile came to his mouth. "Oh, certainly! You are the young lady who came to my official meeting. You must pardon me for not recognizing you," he said, rising to shake hands. "I fear my eyes are dim to-day. I have been writing a letter—a long, unpleasant letter—and it gave me a headache."

"Have you been writing to your little boy?" asked Mattie.

"Yes, I have," said the minister. Susan touched her and told her not to be "forward."

"I don't think she is 'forward,'" said the minister, answering the whisper. "I am glad somebody is interested in my boy,—poor fellow!" The minister started to walk with his hands behind him, as he had walked in the church, but he stopped himself and went back to his chair.

"What is your errand to me?" he asked, the little smile all gone.

"Oh!" said Mattie, jumping up and tugging at her pocket. "It's a letter my papa wrote, inside to you—inside, I mean, to me—to you—inside—"

She stopped short in her snarl of words and carried the letter to the minister, then went and sat by Susan again.

The minister was a long while reading the letter. At last he laid it on the table, and with his finger beckoned Mattie to him.

"I wish you to tell your father something, when you write again," he said, as she stood before him. "Will you remember?"

Mattie nodded.

He put his fingers one by one upon the table, marking pauses between his words. "I want you to say—to your father—that he has a daughter—who is worthy of her father—and that he is worthy of his daughter."

Mattie looked doubtful about remembering. The words seemed as snarled as her own had been.

"I am afraid you will forget it. I must write it down for you."

"My papa is a pretty nice man," said Mattie, speaking up sharply as the minister began to write, for his solemn way of putting down his fingers had made her uneasy.

"That's what it means," he said. "It means that he is a nice man, and that you are a nice girl."

"Oh!" said Mattie, much relieved. She tucked into her pocket the bit of paper he handed her, and then looked wistfully at the letter on the table.

"My papa wrote you a pretty long letter, did n't he?" she asked, hesitatingly.

"No, he did n't," said the minister, taking it up. "It's short. But it's weighty,—very weighty."

Mattie was surprised. "I carried it my own self, right in my pocket."

The minister looked at her with a smile almost as happy as other people's smiles. "So you think it can't be very heavy? But, my dear child, it seems to me that it weighs a ton,—a ton of kindness! You don't know how much a ton is, do you? But do you know what your father wrote to me?"

"No, I don't; but I'm not a-going to ask nobody to read their letters, 'cause it's impolite."

"I'll read it without being asked," said the minister:

"REV. AND DEAR SIR: My daughter, the bearer of this note, I wish to place under your pastoral care, as I think she is now old enough to attend church. I am not ambitious that she should become one of your official members (though it seems she has rather pushed herself forward in that direction), but shall be satisfied to have her act in a private capacity. Will you take her under your charge?"

"Inclosed is a check for one hundred dollars, which please consider as coming from her, and as an addition to the salary assigned you for the present year. I shall expect her, in addition, to do her part toward your church

collections during the short time that she will probably remain in your village.

"Wishing you, my dear brother, abundant success in the great work in which you are engaged, I am yours in Christian fellowship,
JAMES S. BRANT."

"This means a hundred dollars," said the minister, taking up a slip of paper. "And it means

"If you've done your errand we'd better be a-going," spoke up Susan.

The minister rose and took Mattie's hand. "I am going to ask Mrs. Bell if she won't give me some of her posies to make you a nosegay," he said. "You are my little girl now, you know. You must come and hear me preach,—your father says so."



"THIS MEANS A HUNDRED DOLLARS," SAID THE MINISTER, TAKING UP A SLIP OF PAPER.

that my boy can stay at college. I wrote a letter to him this morning saying that he would have to come home. It was hard work, writing that letter. Now, I can burn it, and write another!"

"Oh! I am glad your little boy can go to college-school some more!" exclaimed Mattie.

And, indeed, she was glad, for the minister's little boy had been in her thoughts very often.

"Oh, yes; I s'pose I must," said Mattie, contentedly.

Mattie carried home a large bouquet of sweet-smelling, old-fashioned flowers. She kept it in water many days, and when she looked at it she was very happy, thinking of her papa, who had made "the minister with the sorry mouth" glad, and of the minister's little boy at college-school.

THE BUNNY STORIES.

THE BUNNIES' PICNIC.

BY JOHN H. JEWETT.

PART I.



Cuddledown's birthday was in June, and June, the month of roses, was coming in a few weeks.

Then the Bunnies were to have a picnic, if all were well and the weather was fine.

They were fond of picnics and liked to have them a long way off from home.

Now there were plenty of green fields and pleasant

groves near by Runwild Terrace, but the Bunnies thought the best part of a picnic was the going away from a noisy neighborhood, in search of new places to ramble in for the day, and the having dinner out-of-doors.

They were always glad to come home again when the day's fun was over, but they really loved the quiet and strangeness of the woods and fields, and knew how pleasant it was to find some wild place, where they could play that all the world was their own, to be good and happy in for a little while, all by themselves.

There never seemed to be any room in such places for naughty thoughts or actions, and they always came home so full of fresh air and sunshine that the good feeling would last for several days, in spite of the little trials and tempers which might come peeping around the corners of their work or play at home.

For a long time after those sad and anxious days when Cuddledown was missing, the Bunnies felt rather timid about going very far away from the village alone.

They used to talk about the strange creatures, with smooth, white faces, who carried Cuddledown

off to the settlement where Cousin Jack had found her, and they often wondered if they should ever meet them in the fields when berrying or having a picnic.

Bunnyboy was the captain of a soldier company, made up of a dozen or more of his playmates, and Cousin Jack called them his "Awkward Squad"; but they looked very grand in their blue flannel uniforms, bright crimson sashes and gilt buttons, and they felt and talked almost as grand as they looked.

Sometimes they talked rather boastfully about what they would do, when they were grown up and had real guns instead of wooden ones, if the strangers ever came to molest them at the Terrace.

One day when Bunnyboy and his soldiers were talking very bravely about this matter, the Deacon asked Bunnyboy if they had ever practiced "Right-about face, Double-quick, March!"

Bunnyboy saw the twinkle in his father's eyes, and replied: "Oh, you think we would run at the first sight of the smooth-faces, do you?"

The Deacon smiled and said he hoped not, but the bravest soldiers were usually modest as well as brave, and perhaps Cousin Jack would tell them a story some time about two dogs he once heard of, whose names were "Brag" and "Holdfast."

Cousin Jack answered him by saying: "The dog story is all right so far as it goes, but my advice to them is to keep right on thinking brave thoughts, for such thoughts have the right spirit, and are good company for old or young."

"It would hardly pay," said he, "to grow up at all, if we did not love our homes and country enough to be willing to defend them with our lives, if necessary."

Brownny, who carried the flag, waved his staff and said, "Just you wait until we are bigger and have swords and guns, and see if we do not teach the smooth-faces a lesson."

"Brownny," said Cousin Jack, "I hope by that time guns will be out of fashion, for real courage does not depend so much on swords and guns as some folks imagine."

"Perhaps," said he, "the smooth-faces are not so bad as they seem to us, and they may have meant no wrong by taking Cuddledown with them

to the settlement. They might have left her to starve and perish alone, and then we should have lost her altogether."

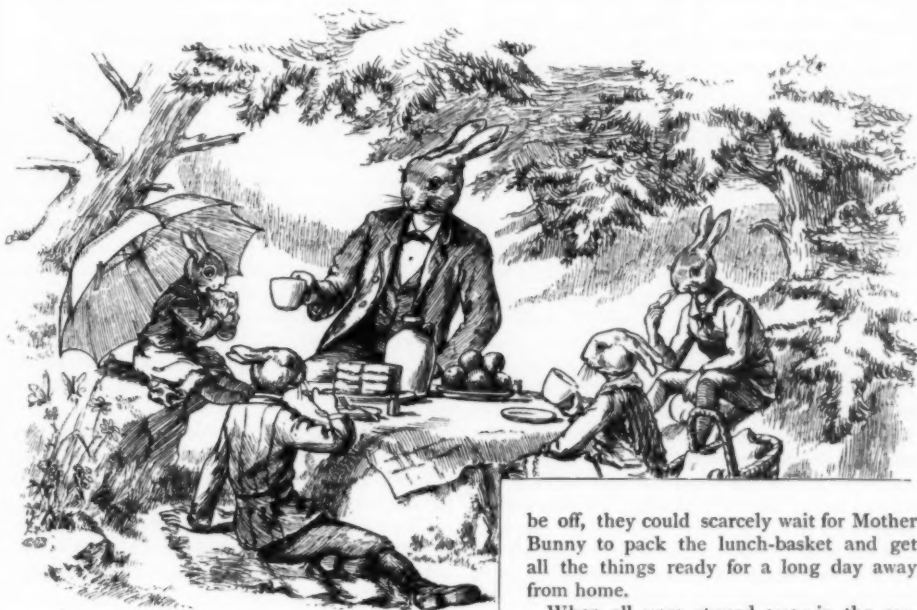
"A brave spirit and a revengeful spirit," he continued, "are two very different things, and you should be careful, Brownny, not to get them mixed. However, it is now time for you all to go on with your drilling."

Turning to the company, Cousin Jack looked

morning the near neighbors knew that something was to happen, by the noise the Bunnies were making.

They were all up with the sun, and Cuddledown had to be kissed six times by each member of the family, and each had a pretty card or gift for her birthday.

After breakfast, when Gaffer brought the family carriage to the door, they were in such a hurry to



THE PICNIC.

them over very carefully and said, "Keep your shoulders straight,—eyes to the front,—keep step to the music and—obey your commander!"

"Attention! company, forward, MARCH!" shouted Bunnyboy, and off they tramped, looking so brave and manly that even the Deacon clapped his hands and cried, "Bravo! they are a plucky lot, that is a fact, and I am proud of them."

So many months had passed, during which nothing had been seen or heard of the strangers, that the Bunnies began to feel less timid, and to wish they might see some of the places Cousin Jack and Cuddledown had passed on their journey.

Cousin Jack told them it would be a pleasant drive, and if the Deacon would let them take the horse and carriage for the picnic party, they would go that way when the time came.

Even a few weeks seemed a long time to wait, but at last the day came, and very early one bright

be off, they could scarcely wait for Mother Bunny to pack the lunch-basket and get all the things ready for a long day away from home.

When all were stowed away in the carriage, and the four Bunnies were seated, Cousin Jack took the reins, while Brownny shouted "All aboard!" and with a rousing "Good-bye!" to the father and mother, off they started, as merry as larks in a meadow.

The fields and lanes were all so lovely they could not help stopping on the way to pick a handful of the golden buttercups and fragrant lilacs, while all around them in the trees and hedges the birds were filling the air with melody, and seemed to be inviting everybody to come out and enjoy the fine weather.

After a pleasant drive of more than two hours, they came to the "two roads," and found the very spot where Cousin Jack had slept the first night of his journey, and from which he first saw the lights in the settlement.

They could just see, from the top of a hill near by, the white church-spires glistening in the sun, but they did not wish to go any nearer.

The Bunnies were not really afraid, for Cousin Jack was with them, but they were glad when he said they would drive back by the other road and have their picnic nearer home.

On the way, about noon-time, they came to a place where there was a busy little brook, and a shining pond half covered with lily-pads, and an open pasture with many large, flat stones scattered about in the short grass, just right for resting-places.

Cousin Jack said they could not find a better place, for close by on a little knoll was a grove of pine-trees, near enough together to make it shady and cool, and not too thick for playing hide-and-seek.

Under the trees the ground was covered with a soft clean mat of last year's dry pine-needles, making the nicest kind of a couch to lie upon and watch the stray sunbeams peeping through the branches overhead.

The lunch-baskets were hung on a low limb of a pine-tree, so that the busy little ants and other creeping things need not be tempted to meddle with the Bunnies' dinner, and so it might be out of reach of any stray dog that might be roving about.

When Cousin Jack had tied the horse in a safe place, and given him a feed of oats in a nose-bag, the Bunnies ran off to play, and had great fun racing about the fields, looking for turtles on the edges of the pond, or making tiny boats of birch-bark, on which they wrote pleasant messages to send down the brooks to any one who might chance to find them lodged or floating on the stream below.

While they were playing by the pond, they heard a strange croaking noise, and found that it came from two large green frogs, half hidden in the drift-wood lodged against some overhanging bushes on the bank.

Little Cuddledown said she thought the frogs must be learning to talk, and asked what they were trying to say. Just for fun, Bunnyboy told her it sounded as if one of them was saying:

"Get the lunch! Get the lunch!
Eat it up! eat it up!"

and the other frog answered:

"Me the jug! Me the jug!
Ker chug!"

This made them all feel hungry, and Cuddledown thought it was time to be going back to the tree, before the frogs found the baskets with the sandwiches and cakes and the jug of milk the mother had packed up so carefully for their dinner.

So they all ran back to the grove and helped Cousin Jack to spread out the dinner on the top of a large flat rock, where they could all sit around as

if at a table, and make it seem like having a real home dinner in the open air.

After dinner they packed up the dishes in the basket, and all the broken bits and crumbs that were left over were scattered about on the ground, so that the little bugs might have a picnic too, all by themselves, under the leaves and grass.

Cousin Jack thought Cuddledown had played so hard that she must be tired and sleepy, and spreading a lap-robe under the trees they lay down to take a nap, while the others wandered away in search of fresh flowers to take home in the baskets.

By and by, when they came back to the grove, Bunnyboy had an armful of fragrant wild azaleas and hawthorn blossoms; Pinkeyes had a huge bouquet of buttercups and pretty grasses, and Brownie a lovely bunch of delicate blue violets. These he had wrapped in large, wet leaves to keep the tender blossoms from losing all their dainty freshness before he could give them to his mother.

It was now time to think about driving back to the village, and presently, when the baskets, and flowers, and Bunnies were all snugly stowed away in the carriage again, they started off for home, waving good-bye with their handkerchiefs to the pleasant grove, while the nodding tree-tops and swaying branches answered the salute in their own graceful way.

As they drew near the outskirts of the village, and were passing through a shady lane, they heard voices in the distance, which seemed to come from behind the hill at the right of the road.

The voices soon changed to cries for help, and tying the horse by the roadside they hurried to the top of the hill, where a strange and startling sight was before them.

PART II.

NEAR the foot of the hill was a pine grove and a gently sloping field, very much like the one the Bunnies had left, and beyond was a low marsh, or peat meadow, overgrown with low bushes and tufts of rank grasses.

Huddled together near the edge of the marsh was a group of frightened little ones, evidently another picnic-party, but in trouble.

Out in the marsh someone was clinging to the bushes, waving her hand and calling for help, while a few feet beyond they could see a small object, which looked like the head and shoulders of a child, slowly sinking into the bog.

Cousin Jack knew at a glance what had happened, and telling Bunnyboy and Brownie to follow him, and Pinkeyes to look after the group below, he led the way, as fast as he could run, to the nearest rail-fence.

Loosening the rails, he told the Bunnies to drag

them along one at a time, and then hurried as fast as his crutches would carry him to the edge of the marsh.

The Bunnies were close behind him with a stout rail, and laying down his crutches he crept out as far as he could safely go, dragging the rail after him, until he was within a few feet of the sinking child.

Then he pushed the rail over the yielding and treacherous quagmire to the little fellow and told him to put his arms over it, hang on, and stop struggling.

The Bunnies soon had two more rails within reach, and these Cousin Jack pushed alongside the other, making a kind of wooden bridge, or path, over which he crawled, and at last by main strength

The first thing to do was to wash off some of the wet black mud at the brook, and wrap up the shivering Tumblekins in shawls and blankets, to keep him from taking cold.

Miss Fox's feet were wet and covered with mud, but she was so busy looking after the others that she did not mind that; and soon, with the help of the Bunnies, the baskets and wraps were picked up and they all set out for home.

It was not very far to the village, but the Bunnies said they would walk and let some of the tired little ones ride in the carriage.

Cousin Jack agreed to this plan and loaded both seats full of the smallest orphans, and with Cuddledown by his side, drove off at the head of the procession, while the rest trudged on behind.



THE BUNNIES TO THE RESCUE.

pulled the half-buried child out of the soft, wet mire.

In a few minutes, both had safely crept back over the rails to the solid ground.

Meanwhile, the grown person who was clinging to the bushes, had succeeded in pulling her feet out of the mire by lying down, and, imitating Cousin Jack's example, had crept out of the marsh and joined Pinkeyes and Cuddledown in quieting the little ones, who were crying in their fright and helplessness.

A few words explained it all. They were a party of little orphan Bears, Coons, Woodchucks, 'Possums, Squirrels, and Rabbits from the Orphans' Home in the village, and had come out for a picnic with Miss Fox, one of the matrons of the Home.

Toddle Tumblekins Coon, the little fellow Cousin Jack had saved from being buried alive in the bog, had strayed away in search of flowers and become helplessly mired in one of the soft spots in the marsh.

In going to his rescue, the matron had also been caught in a bog-hole, and but for the timely help of Cousin Jack and the Bunnies, both might have lost their lives.

When they reached the Orphanage the Bunnies said good-bye to their new friends and were invited by Miss Fox to come and see the children at home, some day, and meet the other matrons, who would be glad to thank them for all their kindness.

It was nearly dusk before the Bunnies reached home, and they were all so eager to tell about the day's doings and the strange accident in the marsh that they all tried to talk at once.

Mother Bunny said they must be hungry after such a long day, and so much excitement, but after supper she would be glad to hear all about it and enjoy the picnic at second hand.

The Deacon said he would join in the same request, if they would take turns in talking, instead of turning the tea-table into a second Babel, and Cousin Jack said something which sounded like a subdued "Amen."

By the time they had finished supper, however, Cousin Jack and Bunnyboy had told the general story of the day, in answer to the Deacon's questions, and as they gathered about the library-table for the evening, each of the other Bunnies had something to tell of the day's happenings, and of what the orphans had said to them on the way home.

Cuddledown told how the little Squirrel orphan, who sat next to her on the front seat with Cousin Jack, had said she had a dolly with real hair and asked whether Cuddledown had ever seen one.

"I almost laughed," said Cuddledown, "and was going to tell her I had half a dozen dollies at home, but I did not. I only told her I had a

you to let me have an afternoon out, just as the cook has for her own, every week, and then I will be one of the visitors."

"I know lots of stories," said Pinkeyes, "and I should like to help those little orphans to forget that they have no fathers and mothers, and no homes of their own, like ours."

The Deacon smiled as he said, "That will all come about in good time, my dear, I am sure, for I have had hard work to keep your mother away from the Orphanage, long enough to let the children there have a quiet season of the measles, between her visits."

Cousin Jack looked at the Deacon as he said, "Kindness seems to be a family trait on the mother's side, in this household, and I hope we may all be able to bear up a little longer under our part of the burden"; and then, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, he turned and said, "Your turn now, Brownny."

Brownny began by saying he had great fun racing with a young 'Possum who said his other name was "Oliver."

Cousin Jack said that Oliver was probably a favorite name in that family, and perhaps that was the reason it was usually written "O-possum."

The Deacon pretended to groan and said, "Oh! please give Brownny a chance to tell his story, and finish up this picnic before morning, for I am getting sleepy."

Then Brownny said the little fellow was about his size, and wore a sailor-suit, just like the pretty one he had worn the summer before.

A funny thing about the jacket was that it had on the right shoulder the same kind of a three-cornered mended place that his own had, and he wondered if Oliver had tumbled out of a cherry-tree, as he himself did when he tore his jacket.

Then he asked his mother what had become of his sailor-suit.

The Deacon looked over to Mother Bunny and slyly said he was beginning to understand why it was that a suit of clothes never lasted more than one season in that family, and why their children never had anything fit to wear left over from last year.

Mother Bunny blushed a little as she replied: "Our children outgrow *some* of their clothing, Father, and it seems a pity not to have it doing somebody some good. You knew very well," said she, "when we sent the bundle last spring, even if you did not know all that was inside."

Cousin Jack remarked that he saw a load of wood going over there about that time, and if his memory was not at fault the Deacon was driving and using the bundle of clothing for a seat.



dolly with real hair, too, and that my dolly's name was Catharine."

"Why did you not tell her you had more dolls?" asked Cousin Jack.

"Because — because I thought perhaps she had only one, and I did n't wish to make her feel unhappy," said Cuddledown.

Mother Bunny drew Cuddledown close to her side and said, "That was a good reason, dear, and I am glad my little daughter is growing up to be kind and thoughtful of others."

Then the Deacon said, "Next," and Pinkeyes told them all about the pleasant talk she had with two little sister Coons who walked with her.

They told her how they lived at the Home, about their lessons and singing in the morning, learning to sew and playing games in the large hall in the afternoon, or taking pleasant walks with the "Aunties," as they called the kind matrons who took care of them.

They both told her they liked "Visitors' day" the best of all in the week, for then the kind young ladies came and told them stories, or read about the pretty pictures in books they brought.

When Pinkeyes finished her story she said to Mother Bunny, "When I am old enough I shall ask

Browny asked if it really was his suit that Oliver was wearing, and his mother said it probably was the same one, for she sent it in the bundle with the other things, although she was almost ashamed to do so, because the mended place showed so plainly.

Cousin Jack smiled at Browny and said, "You ought to be thankful you have such a kind mother to help to hide the scars left by your heedlessness, but how about the other little chap who did not fall out of a tree, but has to wear your patches for you?"

Browny did not answer, for he remembered how it happened. He had nearly ruined a young cherry-tree, besides tearing his jacket, by trying to get the fruit without waiting for a ladder as he had been told to do. Turning again to the Deacon, Cousin Jack said, "It seems to me you might make a good Sunday-school talk on the subject of second-hand clothes. I have seen," he continued, "large families where the outgrown garments were handed down from older to younger until the patches and stains left for the last one to wear would have ruined the reputation, if not the disposition, of a born angel."

The Deacon said he would think about it, for it was rather unfair to the orphans to label them with the ink-stains and patches, and other signs of untidiness or carelessness, which really belonged to the Bunnies themselves.

"Well, well," said Cousin Jack, "perhaps when you get the subject well warmed-over for the Sunday-school children, you can season it with a few remarks to the grown folks, who may be a little

careless in handing down their second-hand habits of fault-finding, ill temper, and other failings, for their children to wear and be blamed for all their lives."

The Deacon coughed, and as he saw Bunnyboy trying to hide a yawn with his hand, he asked him what he was trying to say.

Bunnyboy replied that he was not saying anything, but was trying to keep awake by thinking about how Tumblekins looked before they washed him in the brook.

"From his shoulders to his heels," said he, "Tumblekins was plastered with black mud so thick that you could not see whether his clothing was patched or whole."

"I felt sorry for him," continued Bunnyboy, "but he looked so comical I could not help laughing."

Browny said he hoped the little fellow had another of his suits to put on at the Home, and he guessed Tumblekins would n't mind wearing a patch or two, rather than to be sent to bed until the soiled suit was washed and dried.

Browny's remark reminded Mother Bunny that it was getting late, and long past the Bunnies' bedtime, and, as Cuddledown had been fast asleep in her arms for half an hour, she said they ought not to sit up any longer.

So they all said "Good-night," and went to bed, tired but happy, and thankful, too, that they had so happy and so comfortable a home, all their own, with Father and Mother and Cousin Jack to share it with them.

(To be continued.)



FIVE CENTS' WORTH OF FUN.

TIGER.

BY ELIZABETH F. PARKER.

THE dog shown in the picture on this page is Tiger. It looks just like him, except that he does not always look so sleepy; but he had been hard at work when I asked him to sit for his picture.

Tiger lives on an orange plantation near the St. John's River in Florida, and when night comes he watches the place until morning, and drives off the thieves who sometimes come to steal the fruit.

When it is daylight again, Tiger goes down among the tall, big-leaved banana plants and drives away the moccasin snakes that hide there where it is shady and damp and cool. The men who work among the bananas are afraid of these poisonous snakes, but Tiger is not.

In fact, Tiger likes to hunt snakes. During the day he trots off between his naps to see that no snakes have crawled in among the banana plants; and when people come to see his master, and they begin to talk about snakes, Tiger is awake in an instant. Then his master will say, "Tiger knows where the snakes are; he would like to show you one, now"; and, if the visitors will only go with him, he will lead them down to the river, push in among the old planks, and then bark, as much as to say, "There they are." And there they will be, sure enough, swimming away into the river.

Perhaps after this, when you eat your Florida oranges or bananas, you will think of who watches fruit so carefully perhaps took very oranges so that you sweet fruits



brave Tiger his master's fully; for he care of those and bananas might have to eat.

70



SETTER

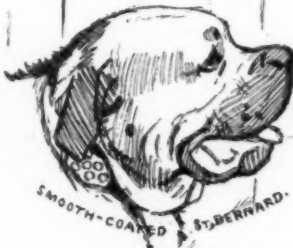


POINTER

KING CHARLES
SPANIEL



FIRST PRIZE



SMOOTH-COATED ST. BERNARD



BULL-DOG



SCOTTISH DEERHOUND



ENGLISH BLOODHOUND



WHO SAID RATS?



BULL-TERRIER



GREYHOUNDS

J. STUART TRAVIS

SKETCHES AT THE DOG SHOW.

From Our Scrap-Book



HOW ROCKETS ARE MADE.

BY LIEUT. W. R. HAMILTON, U. S. A.

ROCKETS are made for three purposes: for signaling; for decorations or celebrations, or as projectiles in war. For signals, the charge consists of 12 parts of niter, 2 of sulphur, and 3 of charcoal. The ornamental, or decorative, rocket is the one we see used on the Fourth of July, and the composition of which it is made comprises 122 parts of mealed or finely pulverized powder, 80 of niter, 40 of sulphur, and 40 of cast-iron filings.

The principal parts of the rocket as shown in the diagram are: *a*, the case, made by rolling stout paper, covered on one side with paste, around a wooden form, at the same time applying considerable pressure. The end is then "choked," or brought tightly together, with twine. The paper case thus made is next placed in a copper mold, so



that a conical copper spindle will pass up through the choke, and the composition, *b*, is then poured in and packed by blows of a mallet on a copper drift or packing-tool made to fit over the spindle. The top of the case is now closed with a layer of moist plaster-of-paris one inch thick, perforated with a small hole for the passage of the flame to the upper part, or "pot"—*c*. The pot is formed of another paper cylinder slipped over and pasted to the top of the case and surmounted by a paper cone filled with tow. The "decorations" are placed in the pot and are scattered through the air when the flame, having passed through the aperture of the plaster, reaches a small charge of mealed powder, *d*, placed in the pot. The stick is a piece of pine wood, tapering, and about nine times the length of the rocket. It is to guide the rocket in its flight. The decorations in the pot may be "stars," "serpents," "marrons," "gold-rain," and so on. "Marrons" are small paper shells filled with grained powder and pinned with quick-match. "Serpents," are small cases about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in diameter in which is a composition of 3 parts niter, 3 sulphur, 16 mealed powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ charcoal. This composition is driven in the case, the top of which is closed by plaster-of-paris, having a small aperture through which passes a piece of quick-match.

A "Tourbillon" is a rocket that moves upward with a spiral motion. This motion is produced by six holes, two lateral ones (one on each side) and four underneath. It is steadied by two wings formed by attaching pieces of hoop-iron to the middle of the case and at right angles to it. Rain of fire, or gold fire, is cast-iron filings which become red-hot in the flame of the explosion, and, on dropping through the air, gleam accordingly. Looking at the plan of the rocket, we find at the rear end of the case a hollow part. This is where the copper spindle has passed through the choke. It is filled with quick-match, and a paper cap is placed over all. Now, when the match is lighted it sets fire to the composition, and the gas generated by the burning of the latter must escape. In doing so, it strikes against the air, which not giving way fast enough causes the expanding body of gas to push the rocket forward also. Of course, it is easy to see that the more the composition burns the larger the burning surface becomes, and therefore there is constantly a greater amount of gas generated each instant. So the rocket, having begun to move comparatively slowly, rapidly increases its rate of speed till the composition is nearly all burned out. Then the flame, passing through the aperture in the plaster, reaches the mealed powder in the pot, bursts it, setting fire at the same time to all the decorations, which are scattered through the air in beautiful colors.

PUSSY IN THE WITNESS-BOX.

BY THOS. W. CHITTENDEN.

ALTHOUGH animals were not unfrequently summoned in judicial proceedings, in days gone by, it is not now a common thing for animals to be formally summoned by a court of justice, either to stand trial themselves or to give evidence against or in behalf of litigants. Nevertheless, such an instance has just occurred in this country, and the testimony of a fine Maltese cat summarily decided a case that had puzzled judge and jury for a week.

The circumstances of this novel occurrence were as follows: Two men living in a Western city each owned a young Newfoundland dog, and the two animals resembled each other so strongly in all points that it was not possible for even the respective owners to distinguish

them. By some means one of the dogs was lost, and his owner seeing, as he supposed, his missing pet in the street one day, about a month after the loss, naturally took possession of him, and led him home. We will call this dog "Major" to distinguish him. The proprietor of Major objected strongly to this proceeding, and laid claim to the animal, his title being promptly disputed by the first, who insisted that the dog belonged to him, and added that, as "possession was nine points of the law," he proposed to keep him, let the other do what he might. Argument and persuasion failing, suit was brought to recover Major, and the case was regularly brought into court and came to trial about Christmas time, before a judge and a jury.

Witnesses on both sides testified positively that it was Major, and that it was *not* Major—the animal himself, meanwhile, going freely to either of his claimants, and leaving one readily at the call of the other, seeming quite indifferent as to which one might finally secure him. A whole week was taken up with conflicting testimony, and even then neither judge nor jury were the wiser, or better prepared to render a true decision concerning the case.

At this point a woman living in the same house with Major's owner declared that her cat could settle the question as to which dog it was, since the cat and Major were on terms of great friendship, eating and playing together, and sleeping on the same rug, while the cat was the sworn foe of all other canines, and had worsted many in fair fight.

Here was a solution by which all parties to the controversy were willing to abide, and a formal writ was accordingly issued in the name of the people of the State commanding "all and singular, the owner or owners of a certain Maltese cat to produce the living body of the said animal before the Hon. So-and-so, a justice duly and legally commissioned by the people of the commonwealth aforesaid," at a given time and place duly specified in the writ, and "thereof to fail not at their own proper peril."

At the time appointed the momentous cat was duly produced before the honorable court, Major and his claimant being on hand, as well as a large assembly attracted by the novelty of the proceeding. The record does not state whether Puss was duly sworn to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," nor whether his owner was required to act as proxy for him in this respect.

However this may have been, he proceeded to vindicate his mistress's assertions, first with regard to his fighting qualities, for, on the introduction of some strange animals of the canine species, brought by direction of the dignified court, he dilated his tail to most majestic proportions, arched his back in monumental style, and gave battle, to the satisfaction of the spectators, if not to that of his adversaries, clearing the room in fine style, and in an exceedingly brief space of time. Next, Major was brought in, whereupon Pussy's warlike mood and demeanor were speedily changed to demonstrations of acquaintance and good-fellowship, the animals recogniz-

ing each other to the satisfaction of all concerned, and immediately terminating by this conclusive evidence a suit which, except for the shrewd thought of a woman, might have dragged on interminably and led to rancor and strife.

WON BY A BIRD.

A WELL-KNOWN gentleman of Savannah tells this story: "I notice in this morning's paper an interesting account of how a dog was made to testify in a case in which he was claimed by a soldier who had at one time been in the English Army in India. According to the account, the soldier said that if the dog did not understand the Hindustani language he would not claim him, but if he did he would consider the dog belonged to him. When the case was called in court, the soldier said something in the Hindu tongue, and the dog immediately recognized him, and, running through the crowd, jumped into the witness-box and fawned on the soldier."

Another said that this was a case similar to one which occurred in Savannah many years ago, before steamships went to that port. A gentleman owned a very valuable mocking bird, of which he thought a good deal. The bird was stolen. The gentleman was very much put out over it, and hunted everywhere to recover it. He heard of a visitor from the North who had purchased a mocking-bird and was about to leave the port on a sailing vessel. The gentleman concluded that he would go down to the vessel to see if the bird was not his. Upon reaching the vessel, sure enough, he found a man with a mocking-bird which he at once recognized as the one which he had lost. He told the visitor that the bird belonged to him, and the visitor asked how he could recognize the bird from any other, and was unwilling to give it up until some evidence had been given of ownership.

The Savannahian finally said that he would make complaint before a magistrate, and if he did not prove it by the bird itself, he would not make any further claim. So together they went before Magistrate Railford, who had his office at the time in a little building where the Custom-house now stands. The complaint was made, and the claimant of the bird said that he would prove that the mocking-bird was his, by the bird itself. The magistrate was somewhat surprised, and asked: "How are you going to do that?"

The gentleman replied that he would whistle an air, and if the bird took it up and followed him, it ought to be sufficient evidence of ownership. If the bird did not follow him, then he would make no further claim to it.

He whistled the tune "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning," and the bird joined in and whistled it through without interruption. The magistrate said: "I am satisfied the bird is yours. I don't wish any further evidence of the fact of ownership." The visitor was charmed and wanted the bird badly, and offered \$100 for it, but the owner refused to part with it for any amount.—*Savannah News.*

SOAP-BUBBLES.

BY THOMAS W. CHITTENDEN.



A SOAP-BUBBLE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THOMAS W. CHITTENDEN.)

LOOKING through the advertising pages of ST. NICHOLAS, as I suppose a majority of its readers ordinarily do, I noticed one announcement that once would have been very attractive to me. It is n't necessary to tell how long ago, and, indeed, I must confess that the notice yet had its interest for me, in spite of my gray hairs. I will confess a secret: I am still fond of blowing bubbles, and that was what the advertisement was about.

As I read, I wondered whether you younger readers have thought much about soap-bubbles, and whether many among you know how wonderful they are, and how profound philosophers have considered them worthy of careful study, and how many of the remarkable facts about them are even yet not fully nor satisfactorily explained. However this may be, I think it likely that many will be glad to know how to blow a bubble bigger than their own heads, or rather than any single head is

likely to be under normal circumstances. As evidence that this can be done, here is a picture which shows just such a bubble, together with the small boy who did the blowing. A measurement will show that the bubble is considerably larger than the boy's head, which is quite as big as that of the majority of boys of his age.

With care in following out the directions, I think that no one need fail to blow a bubble quite as large as that shown in the picture; I have often blown larger, but, as already suggested, I have had much practice. Still, my little friend succeeded very well at his first attempt, and there is no reason why others may not do as well. I can promise them that they will find a number of things about a soap-bubble worthy of attention, whatever its size. Good soap is necessary. I have found the oldest specimens of white Castile or Marseilles soap the best. Ordinary soaps contain too much

water, as usually sold, and I have not had time to ascertain what modifications are necessary to make their use practicable. Next to white Castile, the mottled Castile gives the best results. The soap being obtained, a friendly druggist must carefully weigh out sixty grains (for exactness in proportions is needful) for each ounce of water. That is, one drachm (according to the Apothecary's Weight of the old arithmetics), and when the weighing is done and the obliging druggist thanked for kindness, the rest is plain sailing. A bottle with a sound cork is the next requirement. It must be large enough to hold three or four times the quantity of solution you wish to make. Do not prepare too much at one time; two ounces of soap solution will be a good quantity, and for this a six or eight ounce bottle will be about the right thing. The bottle must be well cleaned and then well rinsed out with soft water—which, by the way, should be used for all the operations. All being ready, the soap is cut into fragments small enough to enter the bottle. Measure an ounce of water for each drachm of soap; this can be done with a teaspoon, eight spoonfuls making an ounce. Having poured the water and put the soap into the bottle, we have now to await perfect solution, which will

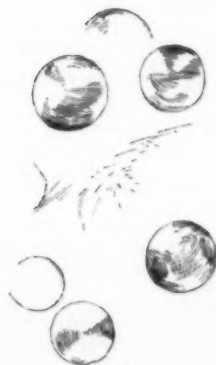
happen in the course of two or three hours, if the bottle be put in a moderately warm place. Then add glycerine to the soap solution, the quantity varying with our ambition. I have found that one-half the volume of the solution gives excellent results; that is to say, to each ounce of water add one-half ounce of glycerine, measuring the quantities instead of weighing them, in both cases. The bottle is now to be tightly corked and well shaken; then set aside for two or three hours more, and well shaken again. These alternate periods of rest and agitation should continue for a whole day. Finally, let the bottle stand undisturbed and tightly corked for twenty-four hours. Bubbles of great size and beauty may be blown with this solution.

A thin glass pipe will give better results than a clay-pipe, but is by no means essential; if a clay-pipe be used, it should have as long a stem as possible. After the pipe has been used for a time it will work much better than at first; indeed, it is possible that the experimenter may pronounce the whole a failure unless he reserves his opinion until the pipe gets into good working order, a condition depending on causes that I have not yet satisfactorily learned.



SOAP-BUBBLES.

FILL the pipe !
Gently blow ;
Now you 'll see
The bubbles grow !
Strong at first,
Then they burst,
Then they go to
Nothing, Oh !





MERMAIDS AND THEIR PETS. DRAWN BY MILDRED HOWELLS.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

PIKESVILLE, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I took you for two or three years, and then went away. This is my first letter, and I 'most always read the letters in the "Letter-box," but have never had the pleasure of writing. I had a donkey, but he died; he was very cunning; he would not drink out of a pail; he would cry for water; we would give him a pail of water, and he would smell it, and then push it over; he would drink only out of the hose. I remain, yours truly,

MAY E—

COOPER'S PLAINS, BRISBANE, AUSTRALIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl only nine years old. I live in Australia.

We have taken you for three years. I liked the little "Brownies" and the Pygmies very much, and all the pretty pieces of poetry you sent us.

I live eight miles from Brisbane. I go to school in the train, and I have a season ticket. I have three sisters and one brother, and the youngest is a dear little girlie. She is two years old; she always has rosy cheeks.

We have a little Shetland pony which we ride sometimes. My brother is younger than I am, and he rode it forty miles in one day. I have no more news to tell you now. From your little friend,

JESSIE GLEN J—

THIS letter from a little Southern girl is one of many, concerning Elsie Leslie Lyde, which have been received since the publication of the April ST. NICHOLAS:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Elsie Leslie Lyde's picture in the April number, 1889, was perfectly lovely! I looked at it and studied it for a long while. The expression is so gentle and child-like. She looks like a sweet dear little girl; and from what I have read of her, I think she would be a fair and true example for other children to follow. If we children could all be as simple, earnest, unaffected, and loving as Elsie is described to be, what a blissful and sweet little world the "child-world" would be! Don't you think so, ST. NICHOLAS? I have named my large French doll, with long, bright curly hair, Elsie Leslie Lyde.

I am, your ever loving friend,
"HEATHERBELL."

WILMINGTON, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been reading your stories about dogs, and it makes me wish to write and tell you about one which my father's family used to own.

He was a little black-and-tan terrier, and his name was "Jip." He was very intelligent. My aunt and her friend would often dress him in their doll's clothes and then put him to bed, pretending that he was sick. He would take the medicine, and then open his mouth for something to take the taste out. Just when he looked very sick indeed, my father would rush through the room, calling out, "Rats, Jip, rats!" and away Jip would go, scattering the bed-clothes and spoiling the girls' fun.

Sometimes when he saw boys playing ball in the street he would run and catch the ball and scamper home with it. Then the boys would come and beg for the dog to play with them. My grandfather, who was a physician, would sometimes take Jip with him on his rounds. Once, after leaving the dog at home, the doctor was much surprised to find Jip waiting for him at a patient's house where he had been the day before. On one occasion a little girl sitting by a fire said, "I wish I had some light-wood to put into this fire," and Jip immediately ran out of the room, and returned with a piece. He did not enjoy being washed, and when the children, to tease him, would say, "Come, Betty, and wash Jip," he would run and hide under the sofa. He loved to play hide-and-seek, and would stay shut up in the lower part of a washstand until the children were hidden. Sometimes they would catch him trying to peep; then they would shame him, and he would hang his head and turn back, waiting patiently until they "whooped."

Some years ago this dear old dog was stolen, and "the children" have never seen him again. I remain,
Your little friend, A. L. B—

NICE, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I was in Rome at the close of the Jubilee-year, I saw the Pope, and I want to tell you about him. He was carried in his sedia, and moved his hand in blessing as he passed through. He is eighty years old and has white hair, and with his miter on looked very majestic. There was a great crowd, and although St. Peter's is perfectly immense, there was no room left after everybody got in. Everybody was obliged to wear black, with black Spanish lace scarfs draped on their heads. While we were in Rome, I saw the king, queen, and crown prince.

My home is in Chicago, but we have been in this country since last Fourth of July.

At present we are in Nice, a lovely winter resort on the Mediterranean, where they have been having a Battle of Flowers, and it is great fun.

We have been in England, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, and are now on our way through France, and expect to return home in May.

Hoping this is not too long to print, I remain, sincerely yours,

A LITTLE AMERICAN GIRL.

L. G. H. will find the article entitled "Nantucket Sinks" in ST. NICHOLAS for August, 1887.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first time that we have written to you. We spent last summer abroad, and much of the time in Paris. While there we visited the Louvre, and were much interested in the various mummies, sphinxes, statues, etc. Our father, who is French, —though we are stanch little Americans,—is a naval

officer, and is away much of the time; but we expect him back soon, for which we are very happy.

We have a large dog, an intelligent and beautiful greyhound, named "Reha," whom we love very much.

Your admiring readers,
VICTORINE and YOLANDE.

TROY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, eleven years old. I have taken you only six months, but I enjoy you very much. I have taken music lessons for three years, and I play the "Housekeeping Songs" in your delightful magazine. I have also taken French for two years, and to-day I translated three "Mother-Goose" songs, which papa said I might send to you.

The first one is "Three Blind Mice":

"Trois souris aveugles!

Trois souris aveugles!

Vois-tu comme elles courent!

Vois-tu comme elles courent!

Elles couraient après la femme du fermier,

Qui leur coupe les queues avec un grand couteau,

As-tu jamais vu une telle chose en ta vie

Que trois souris aveugles!"

Next, "Baa, baa, Black Sheep":

"Baa, baa, mouton noir,

N'as-tu pas de laine?"

"Oh! si, monsieur,

Trois bourses pleines!

Une pour le monsieur,

Une pour la dame,

Et un pour le garçon,

Qui crie dans l'allée."

I am very sorry that I could not make the last word rhyme with the rest of the verse. My last one is "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary":

"Marie, Marie, tout à fait contraire,

Comment croit votre jardin?"

"Avec cloches argentées des coquilles ridées,

Et des jolies filles tout en rangées."

But I must not make my letter too long. I tried for the prize in your "King's Move Puzzle," but did not succeed. I wish you would publish another.

Your admiring little friend, MAY M—.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am but ten years of age, and I write to tell you how very much interested I am by "Daddy Jake, the Runaway," though I see it is to be in only one more number of the ST. NICHOLAS.

I live on Walnut Hills, a beautiful suburb of Cincinnati. I have many nice books, but I can not find one story in them as nice as those in your magazine. I must now close. Your affectionate friend,

RICHARD V. R—.

YATES CITY, ILLINOIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, eleven years old, and have four younger brothers. I live on a farm four miles from Yates City. My little brothers and I have a mile to walk to school.

I like very much to read the "Letter-box." My brothers all like the "Bunny Stories." This is the first letter I ever wrote you. Your little friend,

KATHARINE N—.

RONDOUT, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken your magazine for a number of years, and like it better every year. It has been given to me by my uncle as a Christmas present. Our city is situated on the Hudson River, and from our school we have a very fine view of this beautiful river, also of the Catskill and Shawangunk Mountains, in New York, and the Berkshire Mountains, in Massachusetts.

In winter we have great sport in skating and ice-boating. One day we raced with the trains on the Hudson River Railroad. We have also a large toboggan-slide, but it was not used this last winter on account of the mildness of the season.

Your reader, MARY E. H—.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am, of course, one of your many readers and admirers, and as I have never seen any letter from this place, I thought that I would write to you. I am thirteen years old, and have lived here nearly all my life; in fact, I have never been out of California, and have only seen snow once. I suppose that will seem very funny to some of your Eastern readers who see snow every winter.

We usually have nice times here in the winter, going on picnics to the cañons and gathering ferns and wild flowers after the first rain, which is usually in December. "Juan and Juanita" is my favorite story, although I like them *all* very much.

Your sincere friend, BERTHA C—.

LEBANON, OREGON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen a letter from any part of Oregon, so I thought I would write to you.

I live on a farm, six miles from Lebanon, which is our post-office.

Our farm is between two soda springs. It is about a mile and a half to each. The name of one is Sodaville, the other is Waterloo. At Waterloo the water bubbles up out of the rocks, and no matter how many drink out of it, the spring is never dry. We have to cross the river to it, and in the winter the river rises over the rocks so we can't get the water at all. Sodaville is a great summer resort; but I think Waterloo is the pleasanter place.

I have lived in Oregon nearly ever since I can remember, though I was born in Ohio. I used to live in Salem, the capital of Oregon. It is a beautiful city.

I have taken you for five years, and like you more and more all the while. I have saved every number, and hope some time to have them bound.

I think "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Juan and Juanita" are just splendid, but I think the best story you have published since I began taking you is "His One Fault." My papa often says that is one of the best stories he ever read, and then he will laugh and say, "Poor boy, he did have a hard time getting the right horse!" Your constant reader, ANNIE F. T—.

We thank the young friends whose names here follow for pleasant letters which we have received from them: V. A. C., L. G. H., Valerie La Sautis, J. H. L., Iona J. L. C., McV., Sam Chapin, May Griffith, Harry Lee Wiesner, Charlotte B. T., Anna Olive M., Ora M. Pierce, Ethel Ireland, Louie R., Frances McCahill, E. D. Blackwell, Catherine C., Stella Stearns, Mary L. Robinson, Florence Griffith, Z. Z. Z., May Taylor, John Miller, Harry Geraldine W., Alice Smith, Addie and Erma M., Gardner Porter.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

OCTAGONS. I. 1. Car. 2. Ruled. 3. Curator. 4. Alabama. 5. Retaken. 6. Domes. 7. Ran. II. 1. Cad. 2. Pagod. 3. Cabin. 4. Agitate. 5. Donated. 6. Deter. 7. Ted.

CONNECTIVE WORD-SQUARES. Impassionate. I. Across: 1. Imp. 2. Dec. 3. Ant. II. 1. Ass. 2. See. 3. Pat. III. 1. Ion. 2. Day. 3. Are. IV. 1. Ate. 2. Won. 3. Led.

JUNE ROSES. 1. Musk. 2. Tea. 3. Swamp. 4. Dog. 5. Field. 6. Moss. 7. China. 8. Cabbage. 9. Dwarf. 10. Indian.

Pi.
A glory apperls the corn;
The meadow-lark carols the morn;
The dew glistens over
The grass and the clover:
'T is June—and the summer is born!

The radiant hours adorn
With clustering flowers the thorn;
The soft breezes hover
The grass and the clover:
'T is June—and the summer is born!

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from Clara B. Orwig—A. L. W. L.—J. B. Swann—Paul Reese—K. G. S.—Bessie M. Allen—"Infantry"—Nellie L. Howes—A. H. R. and M. G. R.—O. D. O.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from Grace E. Mercer, 1—Maude Lillian M., 1—Carrie Holzman, 1—Maude E. Palmer, 12—Margaret Cassels, 1—R. F. Spilsbury, 1—A. H. G., 2—Edwin Lewis, 1—Daisy L. Brown, 2—Lillian A. Sturtevant, 1—Mary L. Gerrish, 12—Maud H. Lewis, 1—Grace Harris, 1—Louise Ingham Adams, 11—Lisa D. Bloodgood, 3—"The Wise Five," 12—Hettie S. Black, 1—Marion Stickney, 2—Fannie E. Hecht, 1—Chester, 1—R. A. P., 1—"Sister May," 1—Harry Sillocks, 2—L. I. Wilson, 1—Jeannette How, 1—"A Family Affair," 7—T. H. Dickson, 1—Lily and Helen, 3—Jean Perry, 12—Helen C. McCleary, 12—Eula Lee Davidson, 1—V. F., L. L. F. and D. F., 6—No Name, New York, 10—"Maxie and Jackspar," 12—Sidney Sommerfeld, 2—Edith Woodward, 5—Sarah C. Scott, 1—Helen C. Skinner, 1—V. A. C., 2—Belle MacMahon, 1—Zoe H., 2—Mary and Mabel Osgood, 12—Clara Danielson, 2—Aunt Kate, Mamma and Jamie, 12—Lina Nyburg, 1—Bessie Byfield, 3—Effie K. Talboys, 6—Florence Young, 1—Estelle Young, 1—F. Sybil Moorhouse, 1—"Nadja," 1—Ed. and Bradley, 12—Astley P. C. Ashhurst, 2—Irma Moses, 1—Marie A. Burnett, 1—Ida C. Thallon, 10—Elizabeth A. Adams, 1—"May and 79," 8—D. L., 4—Gladys, 2—J. F. Gerrish and E. A. Daniell, 12—May Martin, 2—Nora and Mother, 7—Shyler, 9—Mattie E. Beale, 12—Florence Parkhurst, 5—Emma V. Fish, 3—Henry Guilford, 11—Mary C. Barringer, 1—H. H. Alexander, 1—D. M. Barringer, 1—Arthur C. Hartich, 3—Jennie, Mina and Isabel, 10—Jo and I, 12—Alice Turpin, 3—Adrienne Forrester, 5—Kate Guthrie, 1—Edith and Marion, 7—Mathilde Ida and Alice, 6—Edith Oakley, 2—Henry W. Bill, 2—W. Sayre Kitchel, 2—"Cœur de Lion and Shakespeare," 4—George S. S., 4—Alice A. Foster, 6—Katie A. F. R., 2—Horace Wilkinson, 7—S. S., 4.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS.

THE letters in each of the following eleven groups may be transposed so as to form one word. When these are rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the diagonals, from the upper left-hand corner to the lower right-hand corner, will spell something for which our forefathers fought. The diagonals, from the upper right-hand corner to the lower left-hand corner, will spell a publication issued by our forefathers.

1. Beat Lion, Tad.
2. Unsoft rimes.
3. I clap a stair.
4. Con, ring toll.
5. Marshall, mow.
6. Rig a gun cone.
7. To me a tin can.
8. Go, musty sage.
9. Shear, tier, C. R.
10. I ty pond rose.
11. I cut on Col. U. S.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals and finals each name a famous geologist.
CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. An iron block upon which metals are hammered. 2. A short prayer. 3. An Athenian. 4. A volley. 5. Slaughtered. 6. A mass of unwrought metal. 7. A plain face or plinth at the lower part of a wall. "DAB KINZEL."

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of seventy-two letters, and form an old couplet about the month of July.

My 7-56 is the first word of the couplet. My 41 is much used by letter-writers. My 13-22-55 is sometimes used for decorative purposes. My 30-66-28-72 is grayish-white. My 69-48-44-25 was

RIMLESS WHEELS. I. From 1 to 8, Campbell: from 9 to 16, Barnabas. CROSS-WORDS: Cubeb, Aorta, molar, Posen, Bohemia, Eliab, Lamia, lobes. II. From 1 to 8, Monmouth; from 9 to 16, Waterloo. CROSS-WORDS: Macaw, opera, nabit, midge, otter, usual, taboo, hollo.—CHARADE. Summer.

HOOR-GLASS. Centrals, Bonaparte. CROSS-WORDS: 1. grumBling. 2. chrOnic. 3. VeNus. 4. nAp. 5. P. 6. cAb. 7. arRow. 8. plaTter. 9. promEnade.

RHYMED DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Cupid; finals, arrow. CROSS-WORDS: 1. CalA. 2. UlsteR. 3. PalloR. 4. IndigO. 5. DaW. DIAMOND. 1. T. 2. Tac. 3. Xeres. 4. Tenants. 5. Taran-tula. 6. Century. 7. Sturk. 8. Sly. 9. A.

A RHOMBUS. ACROSS: 1. Ionic. 2. Sated. 3. Pedal. 4. Metal. 5. Sedan.

A HEXAGON. 1. Spur. 2. Pined. 3. Unused. 4. Residue. 5. Deduce. 6. Dual. 7. Eels.

FLORAL PUZZLE, Rose Month. 1. Rush. 2. Oleander. 3. Saffron. 4. Ebony. 5. Motherwort. 6. Osier. 7. Nightshade. 8. Teasel. 9. Harebell.

a famous city of ancient times. My 4-11-60 is by what means. My 37-16-32-20 is an ancient musical instrument. My 1-47 is the name of a mythological maiden who was transformed by Hera into a heifer. My 49-33-53-62 is vitality. My 9-18-39-46-42-67-29-70 is toughness. My 64-5-40 is a body of water. My 2-50-35 is limited in number. My 51-58-27 is to petition. My 26-8-36-24-63-15-31 is to corrugate. My 6-23-71 is an exclamation denoting contempt. My 52-65-17-12-38-68 is to choke. My 3-45-61-43-54-21 is a shivering. My 34-14-59-19-57-10 is a fish much esteemed by epicures.

"CORNELIA BLIMBER."



F. S. F.

In the above illustration are suggested the names of fourteen different stitches used by needlewomen. What are the different stitches?

RHOMBOID.

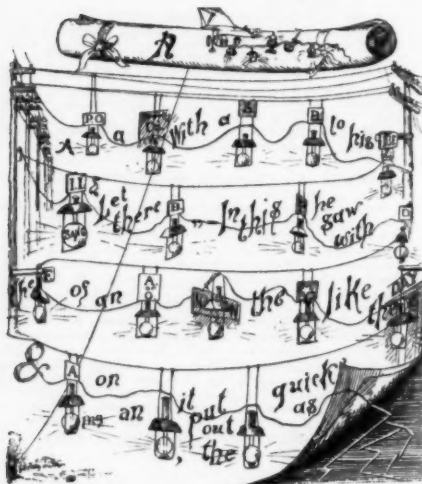
- ACROSS: 1. To shine. 2. A southern constellation. 3. A bower.
4. A vessel with one mast. 5. A city mentioned in the Bible.
DOWNWARD: 1. In Bangor. 2. An exclamation. 3. An epoch.
4. Tunes. 5. An old word meaning to wrap the head of in a hood.
6. A portion of the day. 7. A perch. 8. A river in Italy. 9. In Bangor.

PL.

O o eli ni eht prigneni gars
Hatt cruelfagiy snebd ot eht dwins ath saps,
Dan ot kolo float het koa-esveal hutgroh
Toni het kys os depe, os buel!

O o leef sa trelyut feer
Sa eht cribride ginsing beavo no het rete,
Ro het costlus pingip cirth wordsy writh,
Ro het wond taht sista romf eth sliteth-rub!

REBUS: A TALE OF THE LIGHTS.



THE answer to this rebus is a little story about the object which is pictured seventeen times in the accompanying illustration.

ACROSTIC.

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

My first and second, third and fourth,
Are golden coins of various worth;
While my initials will unfold
A group of poems, quaint and old.

B.

EASY RIDDLE.

I AM a little word composed of only five letters, yet so great is my weight that strong men have been crushed by me, and I have been known to destroy life by pressing too heavily upon those with whom I came in contact. I am of the plural number, yet by adding the letter s, I become singular. If, before adding the letter s, you cut off my head and tail, what remains is a verb implying existence; but if, instead of thus mutilating me, you place my second letter before my first, I am changed into what will make a poor man rich. My 3-2-1-4 is that in which many strive, but only one wins; my 5-1-2-3-4 means to alarm; my 5-4-2-3 is to burn; my 1-2-3 is very necessary in large cities; my 5-4-2 is enticing to many; my 2-1-4 is one; my 2-3-1 is not complete; my 4-2-3 is of very wonderful and delicate construction; my 1-2-5-4 is visited very frequently by a physician, who frequently has more 1-2-3-4-5 than a follower of any other profession.

F. R. F.

PECULIAR ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain seven letters. When these are rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order here given, one row of letters (reading downward) will spell the name of a poet who died on July 21, 1796; and another row will spell the surname of a philanthropist who died on July 29, 1833.

- CROSS-WORDS: 1. A biennial plant of the parsley family. 2. A sinner in a choir. 3. Arranged in a schedule. 4. An Oriental drink made of water, lemon-juice, sugar and rose-water. 5. Pertaining to the earth. 6. A club. 7. Sudden checks. 8. Resembling grume. 9. To depict. 10. Threatened. 11. A small door or gate.

CVRIL DEANE.

CONCEALED WORDS.

MOUNTAINS.

1. "DIRECT the clasping ivy where to climb."—*Millon*.
2. "The century living crow."
3. Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches, till at last they stood
As now they stand, mossy, and tall and dark."—*Bryant*.
3. "And words of true love pass from tongue to tongue
As singing birds from one bough to another."—*Longfellow*.

TREES.

1. "Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise."—*Pope*.
2. "I will not presume
To send such peevish tokens to a king."—*Shakespeare*.
3. "Visions of childhood stay, oh, stay,
Ye were so sweet and wild."—*Halleck*.

B.

CUBE AND SQUARE.

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CUBE. From 1 to 2, mixed together confusedly; from 2 to 4, a title formerly given to the eldest son of the king of France; from 1 to 3, to distress; from 3 to 4, stepped upon; from 3 to 6, a part of which anything is made; from 6 to 8, walked; from 5 to 7, to compel; from 7 to 8, to cheer; from 1 to 5, meek; from 2 to 6, a javelin; from 4 to 8, part of the day; from 3 to 7, a narrative.

INCLOSED SQUARE. 1. Mixed. 2. Always. 3. A Roman emperor. 4. Stepped.

CLARA O.

EASY BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD dingles, and leave beverages. 2. Behead to expect, and leave to attend. 3. Behead a useful instrument, and leave a tuft of hair. 4. Behead informed, and leave merchandise. 5. Behead a retinue, and leave to fall in drops. 6. Behead fanciful, and leave to distribute. 7. Behead to suppose, and leave to languish. 8. Behead at no time, and leave always.

The beheaded letters will name what most children enjoy.

KATE DEANE.

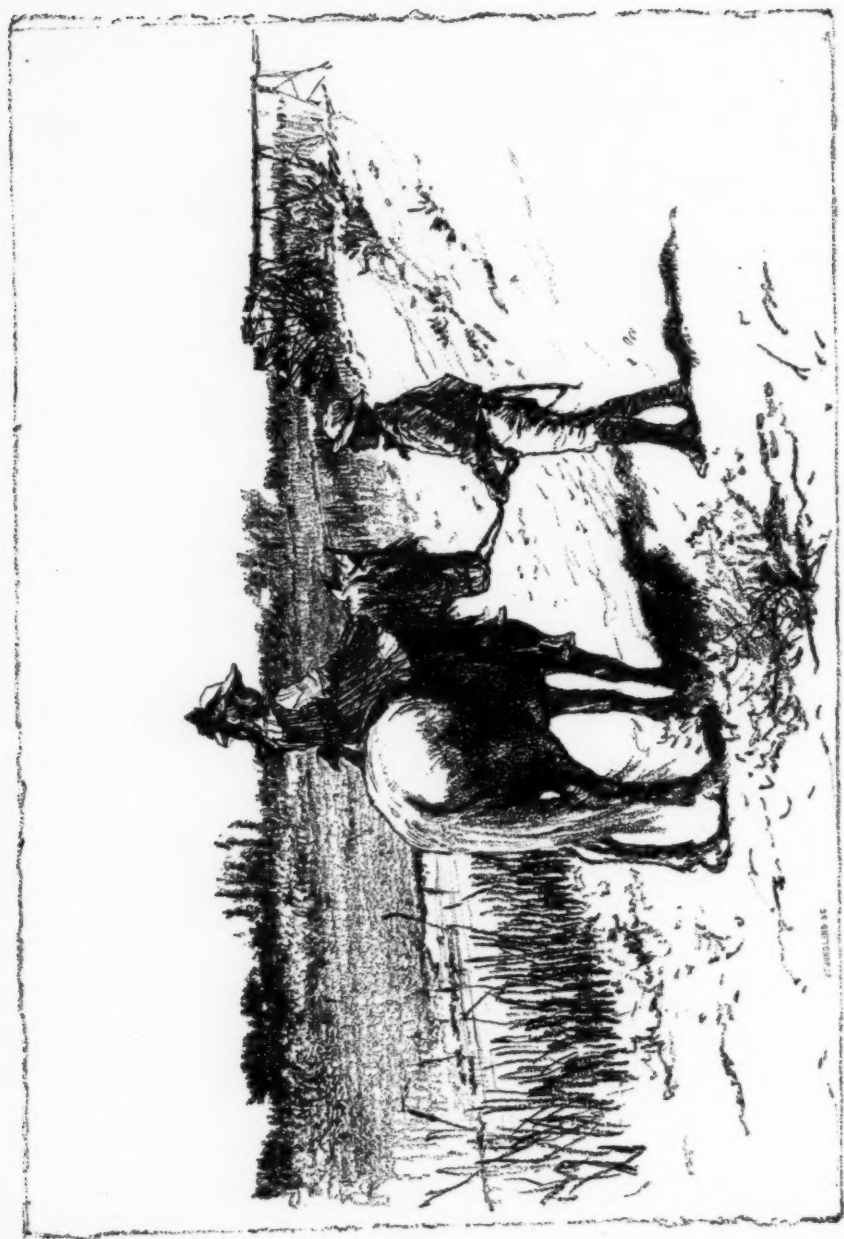
CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first and my second you'll find in *heat*,
In spring can neither be found;
My third and my fourth are in *reading*, you'll see,
And also in *merry-go-round*;
My fifth and my sixth are in *moments* of time;
My seventh and eighth are in *mean*;
My ninth and my tenth and my eleventh you'll find
In a ponderous soup-*tureen*.

My *whole*, though imprisoned, rises and falls,
Informing the great world whether
It must stay in town and be making calls,
Or just picnicking out in the heather.

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THE FIRST RIDE.
DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

CHARLES AS

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